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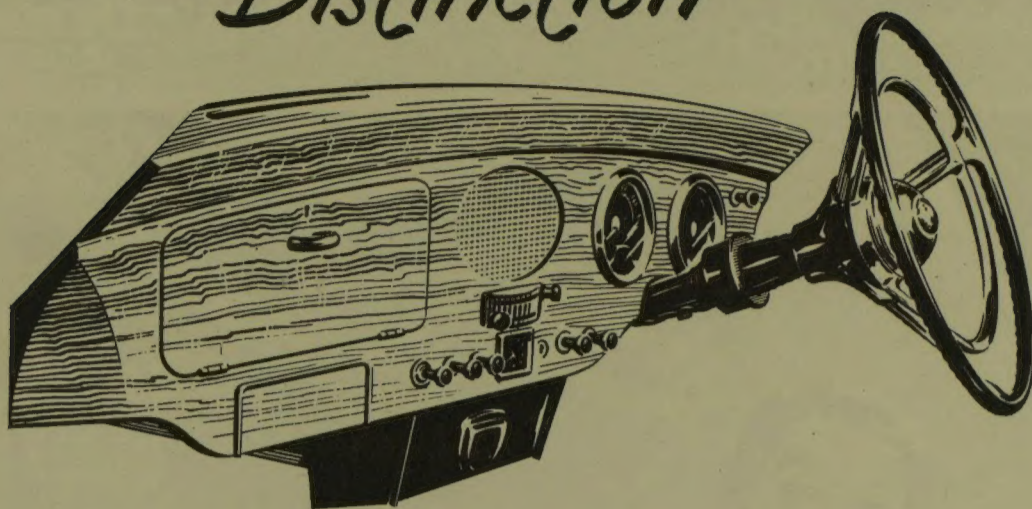
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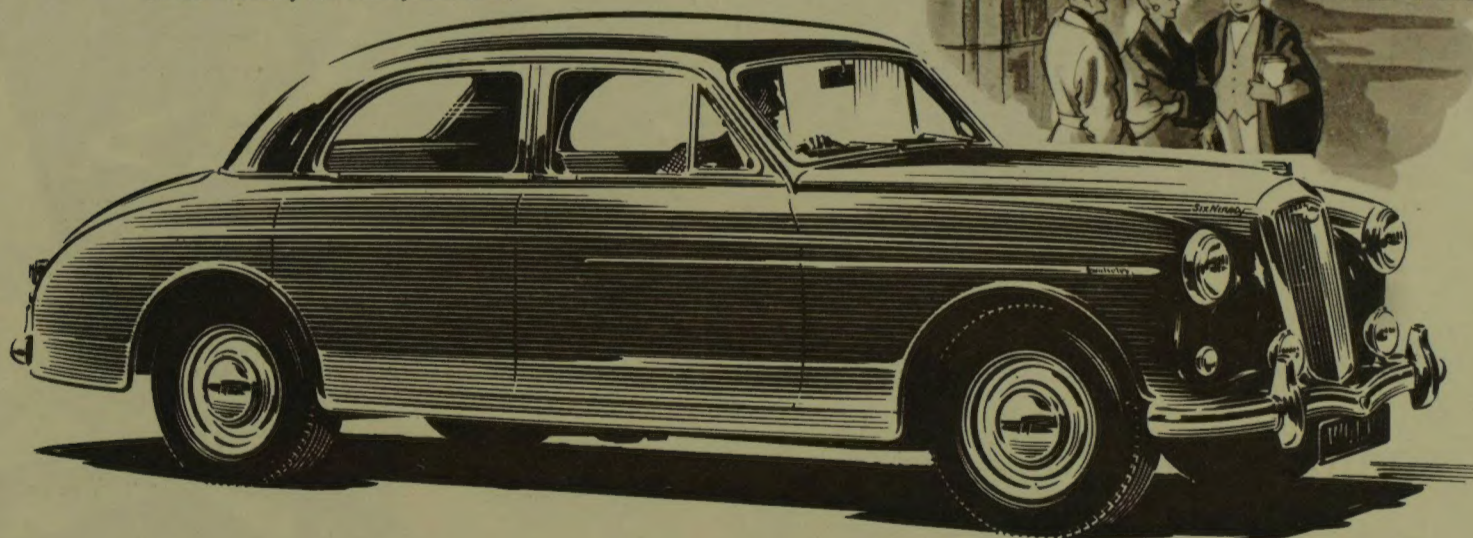
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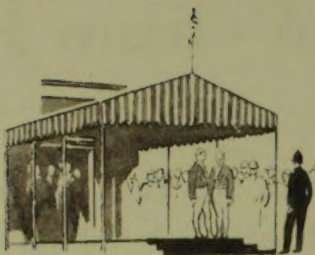
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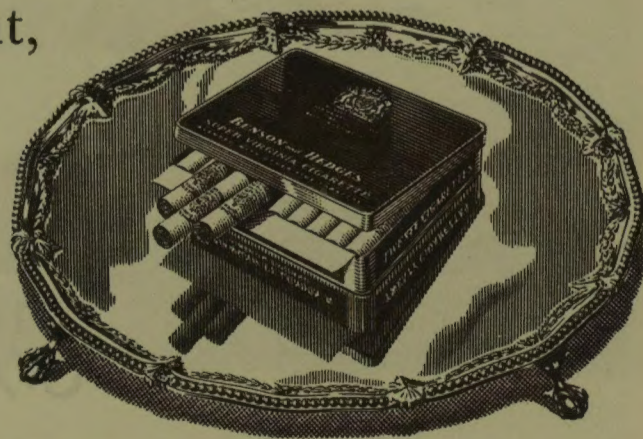
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1957.



THE JOYFUL ROYAL REUNION AFTER FOUR MONTHS APART: H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, REUNITED IN PORTUGAL AFTER THE DUKE'S WORLD TOUR, LEAVING THE QUEEN'S AIRCRAFT TOGETHER.

When the Queen arrived in Portugal by air from London on February 16 the Duke of Edinburgh, who had driven to Montijo Airfield from Setubal, was there to greet her. The Duke entered the *Viscount* for a brief meeting with the Queen, their first after four months' separation during the Duke's world tour. Then the Queen and the Duke left the aircraft (they can be

seen coming down the steps in this photograph) to be welcomed by Dr. Paulo Cunha, the Portuguese Foreign Minister, who presented a number of officials to them, including Sir Charles Stirling, the British Ambassador. Later the Queen and the Duke left by car for the Royal yacht where they spent the week-end before beginning their four-day State visit to Portugal.



(ABOVE.) APPROACHING THE QUAY: THE 18TH-CENTURY STATE BARGE CARRYING HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TOWARDS THE QUAY. (BELOW.) AS THE QUEEN APPROACHED KING EDWARD VII PARK: SOME OF THE 10,000 WHITE DOVES RELEASED, RISING IN A FLUTTERING CLOUD.

A HISTORIC OCCASION: THE HEART-WARMING WELCOME GIVEN TO HER MAJESTY

The sun was shining on February 18 when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Lisbon at the beginning of the four-day State visit to Portugal. A public holiday was declared in the capital and huge crowds waited in the streets to welcome her Majesty. After *Britannia* dropped anchor there was an organised convoy past the Royal yacht of every type of

craft known to the River Tagus, all of them sounding their sirens. Just after 11 a.m. the forty-paired Royal barge, manned by bargemen in red shirts, brought the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the quay where General Craveiro Lopes, the Portuguese President, and his wife greeted the Royal guests. The Queen and the Duke were escorted by the President and



(ABOVE.) THE ROYAL PROGRESS: CROWDS WAVING FLAGS AS THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY PRESIDENT LOPES, DROVE IN THE CROWN COACH. (BELOW.) WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH PRESIDENT LOPES AND SENHORA CRAVEIRO LOPES (LEFT). BY BRITAIN'S OLDEST ALLY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STATE VISIT TO PORTUGAL.

Senhora Craveiro Lopes to the splendid rococo reception dais from which they watched a march-past of 6000 Portuguese infantry and cavalry. After the march-past, the Queen and the President stepped into a glass-walled golden coach drawn by six pairs of white horses and drove through Lisbon to the accompaniment of the cheers and waves of vast crowds. At King

Edward VII Park 10,000 white doves were released in tribute to the Queen. The Royal party later transferred to cars for the seven-mile journey to the Palace of Queluz, the official residence of the Queen and the Duke during their visit. At Queluz the Queen presented to the Portuguese President the Royal Victorian chain and a painting by Mr. Graham Sutherland.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SHOULD young men and women who consider there is a better future outside Britain than inside it be encouraged or allowed to emigrate? The question, raised by meddlesome pessimists—for I can call them nothing else—seems to me so extraordinary that I find it hard to conceive how anyone brought up in the traditions of this free country could ask it. For if those who want to leave this island and settle in some other place and live under some other government should be denied the right to do so, there would be little to distinguish our political philosophy from that of the totalitarian States behind the Iron Curtain. To deny a free man in time of peace the right to change his home and, if he deliberately and with due notice makes the election, his allegiance, is on a par with denying him the right to change his rulers and with insisting, as in the so-called People's Republics of Eastern Europe and Asia, that he records his "vote" only for a candidate with a Government "ticket." Those who can toy with such an idea not only have no belief in democracy; they have no conception even what democracy is. What makes still more lamentable the suggestion that free men and women of this ancient libertarian and Christian polity should be denied such an elementary and traditional right on grounds of some alleged,

and in my view highly dubious, economic expediency, is that those who wish to emigrate are proposing not to become Russians or Germans or Frenchmen or even Americans, but to found new homes in the great kindred countries of our free Commonwealth—their own—the creation of enterprising and emigrating Britons in the past—that owe allegiance to the same common Crown as we. They wish to migrate to Canada, to Australia, to New Zealand, to South Africa, to Rhodesia and East Africa—nations or potential nations that have always stood by us and been our staunchest friends. And a Canadian, an Australian, a New Zealander is as much and as good a subject of Queen Elizabeth as an Englishman, a Scotsman or Welshman, and ought to be as dear to us. A Briton should have as unchallenged a right to become one as Drake or Cook or the Pilgrim Fathers had to

cross the seas in the days when our Empire and ocean Commonwealth were founded. We do as great a wrong in trying to stop him from migrating to Canada or Australia as James I—that well-meaning, meddling pedant—did when he shut Raleigh up in the Tower to please the totalitarian rulers of Spain and to prevent him, or try to prevent him, from making "a new English nation" overseas. Had other British sovereigns argued and acted in this way, there would be no United States of America and no British Commonwealth of Nations, and the world would be ruled either by an Imperial or Nazi Germany or a Communist Russia, probably the former. For without the British Commonwealth and United States how could human freedom in this century have survived? And without the consistent application of the free principles that made these great political aggregations of mankind great and free, how can human freedom hope to survive in the future?

Nor do I for one moment believe that there is any validity in the reasoning of those who believe that because, in the nature of things, most of those who emigrate will be young and vigorous, an impossible economic burden will be imposed on those who remain because there will not be enough of them to support the Welfare State and its growing population of pensioners, sick and aged. This country is grossly over-populated, not only with old,

ailing and retired folk, but with the young. One has only to walk about our streets of an evening or on a Sunday to realise this. Our young men are earning good wages and are protected against the rigours and chances of life in a way that their fathers never were, yet a large proportion of them—possibly a majority—seem listless, restless and without any interest in their work except that of earning their wages. They are young but, in the economic sphere at least, they appear to be very far from vigorous. This is not because the stuff of which vigour is made is not in them; the national and racial stock is still sound, as two great wars in the past half-century have amply proved. Given leadership, inspiration and scope, the lads from our crowded streets and congested towns are as capable of surprising the world as ever their fathers were. One has only to see the wonderful transformation wrought in those of them who have been posted to some specially good regiment, ship or squadron during their National Service to realise that, faced by the test, they would acquit themselves with the same distinction as the men of Gallipoli, Dogger Bank and the Somme, River Plate, the Battle of Britain, and Alamein. What is wrong with them under our present economic system—that

curious blend of socialistic bureaucratic paternalism and commercial *laissez-faire*—is that so little scope is offered for high spirits, adventure and enterprise. Life is made safe and comfortable for the laggards at the expense of the would-be bold and energetic. Energy, industry and daring are frowned upon and discouraged; slop-along and cling to mammy's apron-strings regarded as the golden mean. So it is only natural that potential leaders want to get out in order to get on, and that the majority sink back into a rut of indolence and go-slow. This does not make for efficiency; it makes for high and wasteful labour-costs and a growing handicap to the nation in its struggle for foreign markets. But by relieving the pressure of population, even at the expense of letting the best cross the ocean, the field of opportunity for those who remain could be widened; except for a very exceptional few,

men cannot be free and vigorous who lack elbow-room.

There are other and perhaps even more important considerations, though it is hard to see how any can be much more important than this—the very mainspring of all economic activity, man's willingness and desire to work. The British way of life and the British belief in freedom and justice will never be safe in the world again until the present dangerous ill-balance of the population of our race has been redressed. This island, though still blessed in possessing many advantages of climate and natural resources and by a fine strategic position, is far more vulnerable, both on account of its situation and its excessive population, to the threat of atomic bombardment than, say, Canada and Australia. Nearly three-quarters of the British race live here in an area which is only a minute fraction—not, indeed, a hundredth part—of the immense habitable expanses of the trans-oceanic British dominions or nations. A Canada or an Australia with a British population commensurate with their size would be Powers with a far greater capacity for defending liberty and making justice prevail than Great Britain is to-day. What we have all got to learn to do is to substitute for Great Britain a Greater—and global—Britain. One can only pray that our parochial-minded administrators and electors will wake up to the fact in time.

MR. SHEPILOV REPLACED.



THE TWO PRINCIPALS IN A SURPRISING MOSCOW MINISTERIAL RESHUFFLE ANNOUNCED ON FEBRUARY 15: MR. GROMYKO (LEFT), WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED FOREIGN MINISTER OF THE SOVIET UNION IN PLACE OF MR. SHEPILOV (RIGHT), WHO HAD HELD THIS OFFICE FOR ONLY EIGHT MONTHS AND HAS BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER APPOINTMENT.

Only three days after he had made an important statement on foreign affairs, Mr. Dmitri Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, was suddenly replaced by Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the first Deputy Foreign Minister. Mr. Shepilov is returning to his position as a Secretary of the Central Committee of the Presidium of the Communist Party. Mr. Gromyko, a professional diplomat, had been closely associated with Mr. Molotov throughout the latter's tenure of the Foreign Ministry. In 1943 he was appointed Soviet Ambassador in Washington, and in 1946 he became the Russian representative at the United Nations. In 1949 he was recalled to Moscow as Deputy Foreign Minister, a position he has held since then except for a brief period as Ambassador in London in 1952 and 1953.



THE DISASTROUS JAGUAR FIRE; AND A SEVERE MIDLANDS EARTH TREMOR.

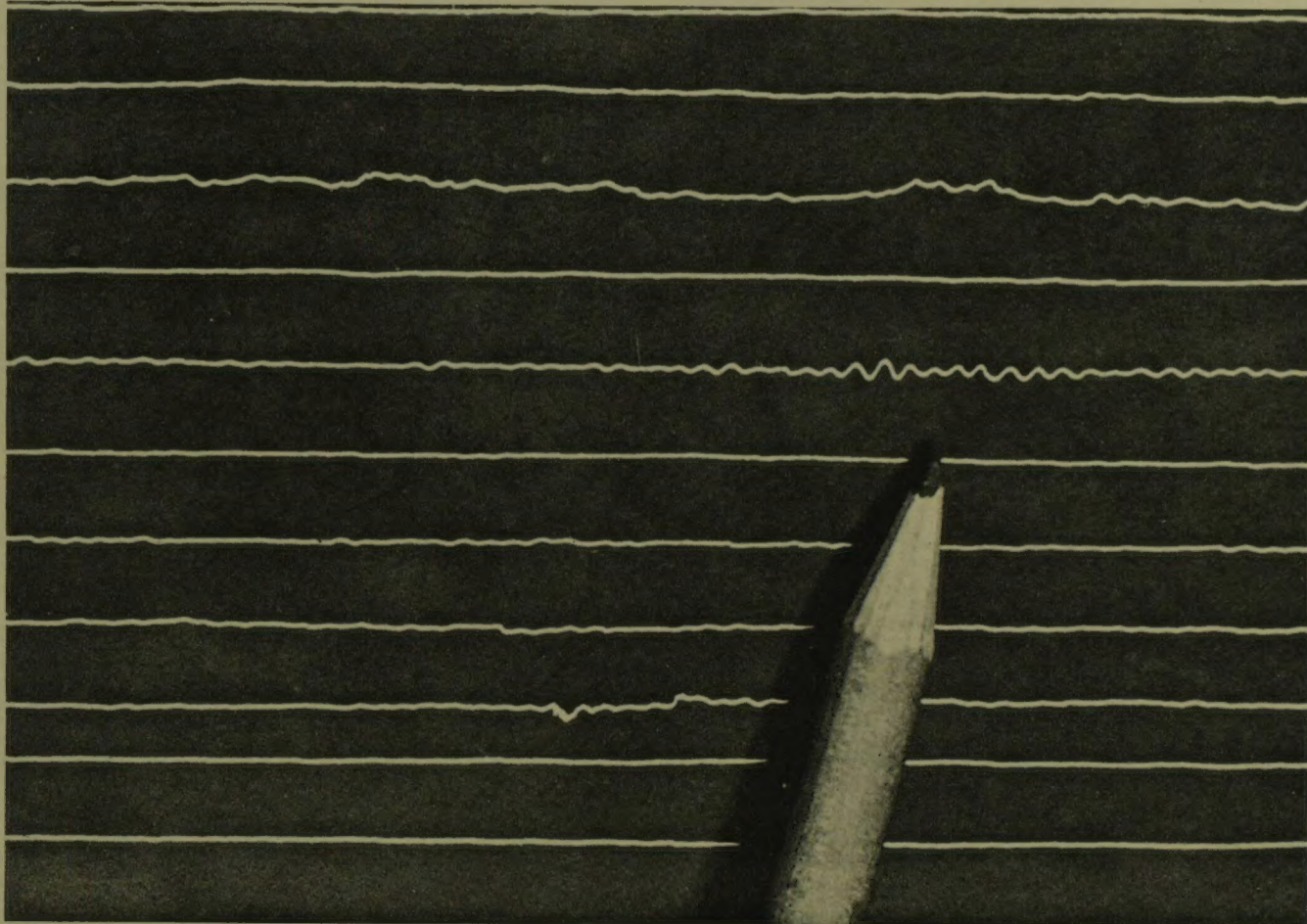


"AN ABSOLUTE TRAGEDY": A RUINED ASSEMBLY LINE AFTER THE FIRE AT THE JAGUAR FACTORY IN COVENTRY.

On February 12 fire swept through part of the Jaguar car factory at Coventry, causing damage estimated to be in the region of £3,500,000. The fire was all the more unfortunate, in view of the fine export record, especially in dollar markets, of the Jaguar Company. The Company's export record is the best in the motor industry. Her Majesty the Queen sent a telegram of condolence to Sir William Lyons, Chairman of the Company, who also received many offers of assistance from other manufacturers. Production on a limited scale was resumed on February 18, though it was expected to take several months for the firm to get back into full production. Altogether about a quarter of the factory's floor space of 1,000,000 sq. ft. was burnt out, and although work was immediately resumed in undamaged sections, a large proportion of the labour force of 4000 had to be sent home. Later the Company announced that the whole labour force was to be retained, though on short time. The firm normally produces about 400 cars a week, of which between 75 and 80 per cent. are for export. Each car is worth about £1000. About 70 cars appear to have been lost in the fire, while some 300 to 400 vehicles were pushed to safety by maintenance staff and office workers.

(Right.) FELT IN THE MIDLANDS AND RECORDED IN LONDON: THE SEISMOGRAPH RECORDING OF THE EARTH TREMOR IN THE MIDLANDS ON FEBRUARY 11 TAKEN AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The most severe earth tremor experienced in Britain for many years was felt in eleven counties in the Midlands on February 11. There were widespread reports of damage such as fallen chimneys and ceilings. The epicentre was believed to be in Leicestershire, probably in the Charnwood Forest area. Less violent tremors were felt in the Midlands on the following two days.



WHEN I last wrote of defence policy I confined myself to generalisations. I noted, however, the probability that we should shortly have before our eyes more precise official statements on the subject, and could then return to it with more profit. Some fresh light, though not very much, has been afforded by the speech of the Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, moving an amendment to a Labour motion in the House of Commons on February 13. The speech was a good one but must have been a chilling task for the Minister. Examination of it is not less so for the commentator. The predominant impression made by it is that of a mad world manœuvring perilously close to the brink of self-destruction.



A LIFT BY BOSUN'S CHAIR: GENERAL SPEIDEL, THE GERMAN COMMANDER OF THE N.A.T.O. LAND FORCES IN CENTRAL EUROPE, WHO HAS BEEN OBSERVING THE MEDITERRANEAN EXERCISE, IS HERE SEEN JOINING THE U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER FORRESTAL AFTER LEAVING A CRUISER.

Mr. Sandys was firm on the point that there must be not "indiscriminate slashing" of defence forces, but an orderly reconstruction. He was evidently defending himself in advance, and fairly, against the charge of moving too slowly. The United States and Russia, he said, could both attack with nuclear weapons in overwhelming force; half a dozen bombers could now spread devastation far and wide in this country. He announced the virtual certainty that Russia now had mightier V.2's with nuclear warheads—he did not use the expression "thermo-nuclear"—which could reach us from "Russian-controlled" territory. To this there was no answer but the old one, now clearer than ever: the atomic deterrent.

Should we depend on the United States for the weapons? He declared himself against that policy; we should not throw aside the good work already done by us. Our own bomb, he said, was in steady production, and the development of the megaton bomb (an advanced type of hydrogen bomb) was nearly complete. Protection for the whole country by fighter-aircraft was out of the question, but we might profitably confine the fighter's task to protecting our power to retaliate. Fighters would afford no protection at all if and when Russia could bombard us accurately and massively with ballistic weapons. We must, however, make sure that this was the case before abandoning fighter protection altogether.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE "RESHAPING" OF DEFENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Mr. Ward, Secretary of State for Air, elaborated this point by saying that fighters were still needed to make Russia realise that she could not evade retaliation because she could not destroy at pleasure the bases of bomber forces.

I was glad that Mr. Sandys argued against leaving frontiers undefended on the ground that, if they were, Russia might absorb a neighbouring country, quickly present us with a *fait accompli*, and bank on the unwillingness of the world to start a nuclear war for anything but self-preservation. As regards this subject, I would emphasise, not for the first time, the importance of the moral factor and the disastrous effect on Western Germany, for example, if her frontier defence were reduced too drastically. On naval matters the Minister merely speculated, asking questions he was not yet ready to answer. Would carriers make a suitable contribution to a nuclear bombing force? How far should we prepare and spend for the protection of Atlantic routes? The answer to this last question will depend on estimates of the length of a nuclear war.

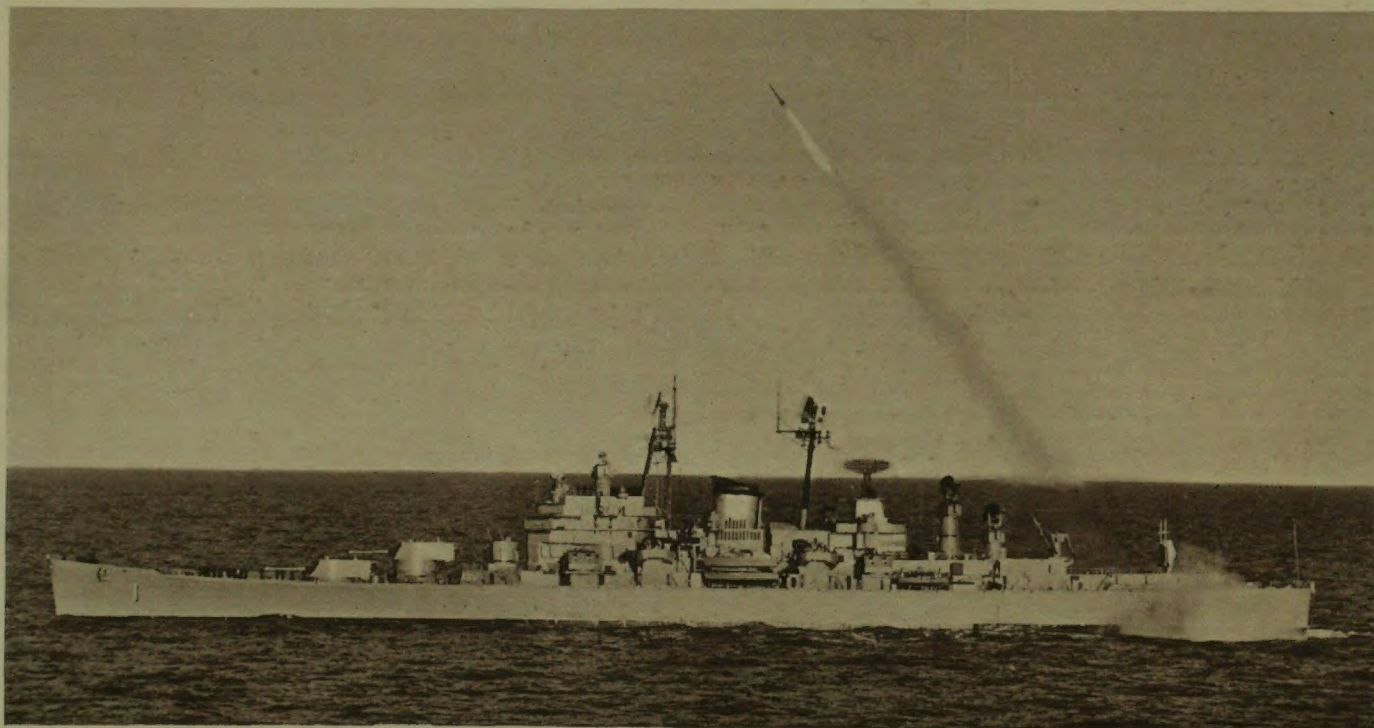
Some people appear to take the view that the field covered was barren. This is hardly a fair criticism. There was in it some detail and some concrete opinions which had not previously been announced officially, though they had been discussed unofficially. The rôle of fighter aircraft, for example, was examined in a way which made a real contribution to the subject. It looks as though they will eventually almost disappear, with unhappy but inevitable repercussions on the professional career of airmen, and it may well be that in the long run the bomber will go too. The Minister of Defence is always precluded from baring his mind as completely as his colleagues can by the very nature of his charge.

Where else are we to seek savings? Staffs and headquarters have, in the opinion of many professionals who are not generally advocates of retrenchment, grown inordinately large. I feel sure the scissors, applied with reason, would not hurt here. Troops in small stations are not as extravagant as they look, because there are certain

countries—some South American republics, for example—inclined to trespass in British territory when they are absent. These stations can, however, be cut down. I sympathise with the precautions represented by our large maintenance and storekeeping forces, in particular R.E.M.E. and Ordnance, and by the material accumulated by them; but I believe there is room for economy in men and stores. The goal of a wholly Regular Army is a desirable aim, but only to be envisaged on the certainty that one of adequate strength will in fact prove economical.

In the Navy it would, in my judgment, be right to stick to carriers. Rearmament with weapons of the rocket type is clearly indicated, but it is enormously expensive. There seems to be no alternative to keeping the pace slow as the only means to prevent expenditure getting out of hand. As I have already suggested, the escort and anti-submarine problem depends for its solution on an assessment of how long a nuclear war would be likely to last, because on that factor the rôle of these naval elements must depend in its turn. It would obviously be desirable to insure here, but, equally clearly, we should not insure so heavily if we thought there would be no time for convoy protection to come into force as if the contrary were the case.

The future of the R.A.F. depends also on appreciation of the future, but the situation is clearer than that of the Navy. With the proviso set out above, both services are probably overloaded with obsolescent material and with manpower. Ballistic weapons must be developed as rapidly as possible. There again judgment comes in, as regards the handling of the production and retention of their predecessors. And, of course, though Mr. Sandys said there was "no answer" either to the bomber or to the bigger V.2 attack, the search for an answer must continue. The problem is to replace weapons dependent on human error with those acting with automatic accuracy, or nearly so, based on science. Those who think I am talking nonsense may reflect that



FIRING A GUIDED MISSILE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A VIEW OF THE MISSILE AS IT LEFT THE UNITED STATES CRUISER BOSTON. A guided missile was launched from the United States cruiser *Boston* on February 13 during a N.A.T.O. exercise in the Mediterranean. It was the first guided missile to be launched in this part of the world.

The commentator is not similarly inhibited, though I can recall that when military correspondent of *The Times* during the war, I was sometimes—flatteringly but unnecessarily—urged not to speculate too often about the future. Some of the suggestions which follow are to my mind in themselves undesirable. I make them on the assumption that retrenchment in defence expenditure and man-power has become a necessity. With this proviso, I would try to persuade our N.A.T.O. partners to agree either to the reduction of the divisions in Germany from four to three, or to what is called the "streamlining" of the existing four till their strength is no greater than three on their present establishment.

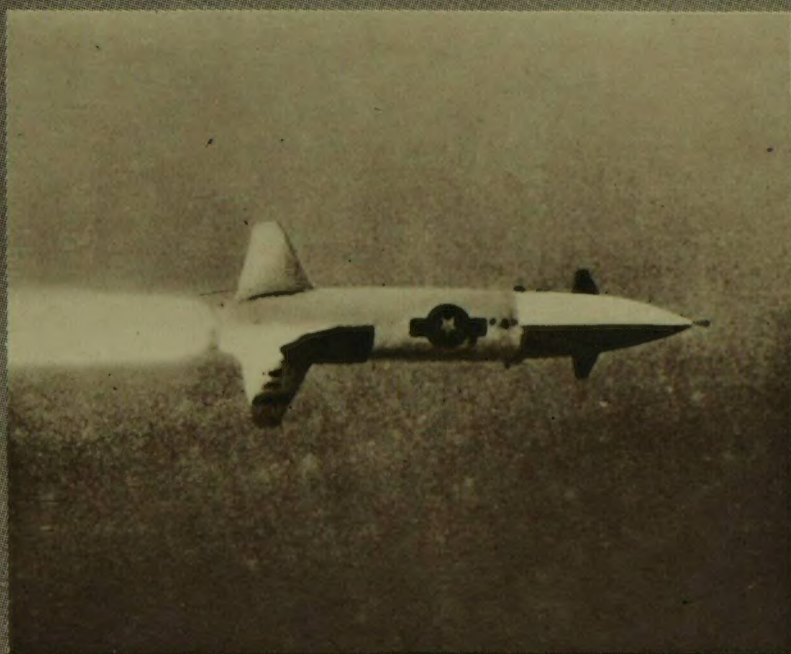
more startling developments have already occurred.

I have argued in the past that the balance or stalemate of the deterrent, abhorrent though it be, is not a matter to create despair. On the contrary, it affords a respite. It is even possible that mankind will prove itself sane enough to take advantage of this. Meanwhile, the Minister of Defence has an unenviable task. He is ordered and pledged to make economies. At the same time he has to face fresh developments in nuclear war which call for fresh equipment, and has to tide over the period involved in bringing them into use. If economies there must be, let us hope they will not be founded on the wretched errors made by the Governments between the wars.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



UNITED STATES. A NEW AMERICAN MISSILE: THE GAM 63 PILOTLESS BOMBER BEING CARRIED BY A B-47 AIRCRAFT, WHICH RELEASES IT MANY MILES FROM THE TARGET.



UNITED STATES. ON ITS WAY TO THE TARGET: THE GAM 63 AFTER ITS RELEASE FROM THE B-47. IT HAS A RANGE OF 100 MILES. The U.S. Air Force's latest nuclear missile is the *Rascal*—GAM 63—which has been developed by the Bell Aircraft Corporation. It is air-launched and travels at a speed of 1000 m.p.h.



NORTH LEWISHAM, LONDON. ANNOUNCING THE LABOUR PARTY VICTORY IN THE NORTH LEWISHAM BY-ELECTION ON FEBRUARY 14: THE MAYOR OF LEWISHAM WITH THE CANDIDATES. The by-election at North Lewisham, caused by the death of Sir Austin Hudson, the Conservative Member, was won by Mr. N. MacDermot with 18,516 votes, giving him a majority of 1110 over the Conservative, Mr. N. Farmer (on the Mayor's right). The Independent Loyalist, Miss L. Greene, forfeited her deposit with 1487 votes.



FRANCE. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HE COLLAPSED AND DIED: LORD HORE-BELISHA SPEAKING AT RHEIMS. Lord Hore-Belisha, formerly Minister of Transport and Secretary for War, whose obituary appears elsewhere in this issue, collapsed and died while speaking at Rheims on February 16.



CANADA. HOME SWEET HOME: THE HOUSE A TORONTO LADY REFUSED TO SELL FOR 100,000 DOLLARS.

For five years an oil company has been trying to buy up the home of a Mrs. Massey, of Toronto. Her house stands next to the company's recently completed 19-storey headquarters. Obviously, home was sweeter than the company's top offer of 100,000 dollars.



ISRAEL. LEAVING HIS HOME IN TEL AVIV FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER A THREE-WEEK ILLNESS: MR. DAVID BEN-GURION, THE PRIME MINISTER OF ISRAEL.

Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel, left his home in Tel Aviv for the first time following an illness lasting three weeks, on February 17. Mr. Ben-Gurion, who is seventy-one, was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd as he stepped into his car.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



WEST GERMANY. A MOTHER-AND-CHILD LIFEBOAT: A RESCUE-CRUISER OF THE GERMAN SOCIETY FOR THE RESCUE OF THE SHIPWRECKED, LAUNCHING A LIFE-BOAT FROM ITS STERN, WHILE AT SPEED.



UNITED STATES. MOVING A STREET BY ROAD: FOUR WOODEN HOUSES OF LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, BEING TRANSPORTED TO NEW SITES TWO MILES AWAY TO MAKE WAY FOR DEVELOPMENT. THE MOVING OPERATION TOOK SIX HOURS.



NOVA SCOTIA. THE QUEEN ELIZABETH DOCKS AT HALIFAX, WHERE SHE HAD BEEN DIVERTED OWING TO THE U.S. TUG STRIKE. SPECIAL TRAINS BROUGHT THE PASSENGERS TO NEW YORK.



PORTUGAL. A PRESENT FOR PRINCESS ANNE: A DOLL IN NATIONAL COSTUME—WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS WHO HELPED TO DRESS IT—WHICH WAS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT NAZARE. A COLLECTION OF MINIATURE BOATS HAS BEEN MADE FOR PRINCE CHARLES.



WOOMERA, AUSTRALIA. BRITAIN'S FIRST SKYLARK SPACE-EXPLORING ROCKET FIRED ON FEBRUARY 13, ON A SHORT LOW-ANGLE TESTING TRAJECTORY. The first Skylark fired was aimed on a low trajectory, with reduced charge, and after reaching a height of about 10 miles travelled a distance variously given as 20 and 29 miles. The test was described as successful. A full-scale vertical launching is planned for later in the year, and is expected to reach about 100 miles height.



NORTHERN IRELAND. BLOWN UP BY IRISH REPUBLICAN SABOTEURS: THE BRIDGE CARRYING THE BELFAST-LONDONDERRY MAIN LINE OVER THE ROAD NEAR POMEROY. In the early hours of February 17 two railway bridges, one rail over road, the other road over rail, were the subject of gelignite explosions. The rail-over-road bridge was severely damaged in an explosion heard 12 miles away. The main line was cut and a bus service was substituted. No one was injured.



ALGIERS. FOUND AND CONFISCATED BY THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES: TERRORISTS' REVOLVERS, TIME-BOMBS AND OTHER LETHAL WEAPONS—DISPLAYED AT A PRESS CONFERENCE. Recent searches by military patrols in Algiers have resulted in the finding of a quantity of terrorist arms and other lethal weapons. The latter included a large number of time-bombs of the type which exploded at two of the main sports grounds of Algiers on February 10, killing fifteen people and injuring many more.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



ADEN. THE FUNERAL OF THE TWO MEN OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS, KILLED IN AN AMBUSH NEAR DHALA, TAKING PLACE AT ADEN ON FEB. 6. As reported in our last issue, two men, Corporal W. Burnett and Private H. G. McKenzie, were killed by dissident tribesmen on February 4. These were the first British soldiers to be killed in the Aden Protectorates for over a year.



CYPRUS. THE BURIAL OF A MURDERED BRITISH SOLDIER: AN OFFICER ABOUT TO LAY A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF PRIVATE RONALD SHILTON.

Private Ronald Shilton, of the 1st Bn. The Royal Leicestershire Regt., was recently buried in the Wayne Cemetery, Nicosia. Private Shilton's body was found in a field. He had been shot by Eoka terrorists and had been missing since April 17 last year.



WESTERN GERMANY. TWO NEW ITEMS OF GERMAN ARMY UNIFORM EXHIBITED AT BONN: BOOTS, LIGHTER THAN THE OLD TYPE AND WITH RUBBER SOLES; AND THE NEW JACKET, SHORTER THAN THE PREVIOUS ONE, IS SINGLE-BREASTED.



SPAIN. TWO MOSLEM MONARCHS AT A BANQUET IN MADRID: KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA (RIGHT) SEATED NEXT TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AT THE SAUDI ARABIAN EMBASSY.

King Saud of Saudi Arabia arrived in Madrid by air from the United States on February 10, as an official guest of the Spanish Government. Also in Madrid, on a private visit, was the Sultan of Morocco, and in the evening King Saud entertained him to dinner at the Saudi Arabian Embassy.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. "TIMBER!": A FOUR-STOREY 79-YEAR-OLD WOODEN BUILDING OF THE COLLEGE OF THE HOLY NAME AT OAKLAND BEING RAZED IN DEMOLITION OPERATIONS. On February 11 this impressive wooden building, the most notable feature of the campus of the College of the Holy Name, was pulled down by cable, rapidly demolished and carted away. Built of wood in 1878, it is making way for a 28-storey commercial building, the headquarters of Kaiser Enterprises, Oakland, California.



SWITZERLAND. LORD MONTGOMERY (RIGHT) WITH A. DASCHER, A WINNER IN THE WINTER SPORTS, AND SOME OF THE LATTER'S CHILDREN. Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who has contributed some exciting Alpine photographs which appear on pages 298-299 of this issue, has been spending a month's holiday at Gstaad, taking part in the winter sports.

THE DIARIES OF THE WAR'S MASTER-STRATEGIST.

"THE TURN OF THE TIDE, 1939-1943." By ARTHUR BRYANT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE latest Great War has been over for nearly twelve years, and during those years an immense torrent of literature concerning it has poured from the presses. Much of it has been ephemeral journalism; much has dealt, however excitingly, with small parishes in the great panorama; much has been the product of individual fighters who, however intelligent, gallant, and sensitive, were but the victims of world-events and took little or no share in their direction; and then there has been the great mass of official documents, notable amongst them the official war reports—conspicuous amongst them those, in many volumes, of the Nuremberg trials, amongst the most revolting records in all human history. Of all that welter of books some will survive to be quoted, so long as the present Historical Epoch lasts. But I think that those of which most notice will be taken will be the first-hand accounts by leading participants who, governed by whatever noble or ignoble impulses, were in a position to send the sheep to the slaughter.

The indefatigable Sir Winston was first in the field, with his six volumes, which excelled even the excellence of his many volumes about the First World War. That war was run in this country, first by a learned and able, but completely unmilitary barrister, and then by a Welsh solicitor who had charm, genius and energy, but was easily bogged when he strayed into the realms of history, geography or strategy. In this later war the historian was also his country's leader, an old professional soldier, in constant contact with the chief men in his own, and Allied, countries and privy to everything that was thought of, argued about, done, or averted: no Englishman since Clarendon has written so massively or intimately about affairs in which he himself took a notable part. There followed three first-hand records from the opposing camp, all speeches from the Tomb by men who, before their words were heard, had died; two by their own hands and one in front of a firing-squad.

Hitler's "Table Talk" is one of them. It is not, strictly, a book written by him, but a series of reports, taken down by skilled shorthand-writers (to whose presence he had consented, but whose presence he, so conceited and fanatical, probably forgot when he was expatiating), of his monologues at meals in his various Wolf-Lairs and Eagle's Nests during the war years before "The Turn of the Tide." His hearers were anybody who happened to turn up to lunch, dinner, or tea and cakes in the small hours. On the actual conduct of the war little light is shed: "Little Mr. Knowall" (I remember the phrase from some children's book) was much too busy laying down the law on every conceivable subject. He didn't, so far as I remember, pronounce on the authorship of Homer. But had one of his cronies, Himmler or Heydrich, or some subservient general or administrator, asked the oracle for his views on the subject, he would have come out with them thumpingly and without hesitation; nobody but a German, he would have said, could have produced "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey," Homer, Achilles and Ulysses were all obvious Teutons, Helen of Troy a Nordic blonde, the Hellenic gods derivatives from Northern mythology and (anybody who reads the book will realise that this isn't farcical) that Thersites was, unquestionably, a Jew. Beyond that there was hardly a subject on which he didn't discourse; for sheer range, Dr. Johnson, who really knew what he was talking about, isn't in the same street with this monstrous sciolist and model of wishful thinking. That book I recommend to be read over and over by people who don't quite realise what we were up against in both wars. Hitler became Chancellor in a perfectly constitutional way. "His nonsense suited their nonsense," as Charles II said when

he was asked why he had appointed a certain Bishop to a certain diocese. I know few books at once so fascinating, so exasperating, and so completely amoral as that of Hitler's; but it does have reference to the history of the War, because, trusting in his "intuition" (he had an astrological mind), he forced his policy on his unfortunate generals and compelled them to die in the last ditch while he (certainly no physical coward, but the preciously-guarded Prophet of a New Nordic Age) was surviving in the last underground shelter.

The "Diaries" of Goebbels were salvaged and have been published. These, pretty obviously written for publication, recorded a great deal of history, and clearly revealed the mentality of this brainiest of the Nazi Revolutionaries—for Revolutionary Socialists they certainly were, detesting religion, monarchy and the established upper classes, and to call them "right wing" (a silly term in England, anyhow) is absurd. The other major diary was Count Ciano's, that of Mussolini's Foreign Secretary and son-in-law. He had his defects. He liked strutting, as did so many of those revolutionary upstarts, including Goering, the flamboyant peacock, and Ribbentrop, the drab

indicated by double inverted commas. Next comes a layer, in single inverted commas, of commentary by Lord Alanbrooke on the entries he made on the spur of the moment; on second thoughts he revises his remarks, attributing this or that error to petulance or fatigue. And then, as a general wrapping, without any inverted commas at all, there comes Sir Arthur Bryant's unobtrusive, joining, narrative, which has integrated the book into a narrative whole, as only Sir Arthur could.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR ARTHUR BRYANT.

Sir Arthur Bryant, who was born in 1899, was educated at Harrow and Queen's College, Oxford. Sir Arthur, who is one of the most distinguished historians of our day, has contributed each week to "Our Note Book" page since the death of G. K. Chesterton in 1936. His many historical works include books on Pepys, Charles II, George V, the growth of the Royal Navy and a series of volumes on English history.

Brooke was in France during the "Phoney War"—the phrase originated in a country, not this, of journalists, which was later to become bitterly involved. He commanded a Corps in the last months before Dunkirk, with Alexander and Montgomery (of whom he made note) as subordinate Commanders, he took a leading part in that miraculous Evacuation, and, in the end, when that awful sorting-out was happening, he found himself Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

In that position, for years, he remained; he gives us a day-to-day account of his trials, tribulations, failures and successes. There were moments when he could have taken command in the field, and it looks to me as though he might have proved himself our best General since Wellington. He was offered the command of the Eighth Army, but declined because he thought he could serve his country best, and control the dashing ex-cavalry subaltern, who was then ruling us, best by staying where he was. He might have had a chance of winning a War in the field and saving lives later, had Winston been able to keep his promise of making him C-in-C. of the Invasion Armies in Normandy. But political considerations came in; and Eisenhower, a man who had never seen a shot fired in action, was put in control of us all. Not a word does Lord Alanbrooke say against Eisenhower, who allayed every trouble amongst Allies, by virtue of his sheer decency and sense.

Troubles in plenty there were. The chief American admiral thought (with bitter memories of Pearl Harbour) that the Pacific was the main theatre of war. Various American generals thought that the Mediterranean was a sideshow, forgot the necessity of landing-craft and artificial harbours, and wanted Stalin's "Second Front" without preparation. President Roosevelt (who thought he could be "matey" with Stalin) was difficult enough; on occasion our own Prime Minister, with always some dashing assault on some odd front in mind, was a handful. All these difficult contacts are here displayed; the general public heard

little of Lord Alanbrooke during the war (he being a reserved man), but it is now evident, as the men in close contact with him must have always known, that he did as much to win it as any man.

He had the best British military mind since Wellington. He had a remarkable talent for recording personalities (any future biographer of the inspired imp, Churchill, must draw on him freely—I wish I had space to quote some of the more engaging snapshots), he flung away ambition, and, in three continents, when exhausted, he went out for walks, observed beautiful landscapes, and made notes of birds—whimbrels in Morocco, variants of blue-tits in Algiers, and cardinals in Washington.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 314 of this issue.



MASTER-STRATEGIST OF WORLD WAR II, UPON WHOSE DIARIES "THE TURN OF THE TIDE" IS BASED: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE. Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, who was born in France in 1883, was educated abroad and at the R.M.A., Woolwich. For four years during World War II Lord Alanbrooke (then Sir Alan Brooke) was closely associated with Sir Winston Churchill as his chief military adviser. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery has described Lord Alanbrooke as "the greatest soldier—soldier, sailor or airman—produced by any country taking part in the last war . . ." and "Those on the inside of affairs would assess his contribution to victory as second only to Churchill." It is on the wartime diaries and autobiographical notes of Lord Alanbrooke that Sir Arthur Bryant has based his book, which has been rightly described as "a narrative which enriches literature no less than history."

Photograph by Clayton Evans.

This illustration is not reproduced from the book under review.

and sullen pea-hen. He took things in a gay, light, Italian operatic way, played with fire and was delighted to dodge the burning, and then was utterly shocked when Ribbentrop bluntly said to him "We want War!" From his Diary one derives a certain liking and pity for him, and a good deal of information.

Now, late in the day, a reserved figure strides out from the wings and presents us with information about the War which must, in one way or another, modify everybody's conception of the course it took. Sir Arthur Bryant's book is like an onion. It has several skins. At the core of it are the diaries which Alanbrooke (formerly Sir Alan Brooke) kept for his wife from the beginning of the War onwards; extracts from these are

* "The Turn of the Tide, 1939-1943: A Study Based on the Diaries and Autobiographical Notes of Field Marshal The Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., O.M." By Arthur Bryant. Frontispiece Portrait and Maps. (Collins; 30s.)

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



WESTERN GERMANY. A NEW LANDMARK IN STUTTGART: THE GRACEFUL 690-FT. CONCRETE TELEVISION TOWER WITH A LARGE RESTAURANT NEAR ITS TOP.

STUTTGART, in Western Germany, has long been a city with outstanding and advanced architectural features. It has now gained a new landmark with the completion last year of the 690-ft. concrete television tower illustrated here. Almost at the top of this graceful structure, which was designed by Dr. Ing. Fritz Leonhardt, there is a "basket" structure, which is held in place by a tension plate and weighs some 3000 tons. This compact structure contains a fully-equipped restaurant, large enough to seat 600 people in comfort. There are also two look-out platforms, the larger and lower of which can accommodate 300 visitors while the higher has room for 130. These and the restaurant are reached by one of the fastest lifts in Western Germany, which does the 600-ft. journey to the top in about 50 seconds.



WITH A MAGNIFICENT VIEW ACROSS THE WOODED COUNTRY SURROUNDING STUTTGART: THE LOWER OBSERVATION PLATFORM OF THE GIANT TOWER.



PROVIDING A FIRST-CLASS MEAL OVER 600 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND: THE RESTAURANT IN THE 3000-TON "BASKET" STRUCTURE AT THE TOP OF THE TOWER. IT IS REACHED BY LIFT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE AND CAN SEAT 600.



A FINE VIEW OF MOUNT TOEDI (11,886 FT.), LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH-EAST. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE GLARUS ALPS. MOUNT TOEDI CROWNS THE WATERSHED BETWEEN THE VALLEYS OF THE RIVERS LINTH AND RHINE.



WITH THE BLACK FOREST AND PART OF GERMANY AS A BACKCLOTH: A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE TRIPLE SUMMIT OF MOUNT TOEDI, LOOKING NORTH. MOUNT TOEDI IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE PIZ RUSSEIN.

THE FIELD MARSHAL RECONNOITRES SWITZERLAND'S NO-MAN'S-LAND ONCE AGAIN

Once again we are privileged to reproduce some of the photographs taken by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein during one of his periodical flights among the peaks of the Swiss Alps. Our readers will remember previous series of photographs of the Alps taken by Lord Montgomery which appeared in our issues of March 6, 1954; March 19, 1955; and April 14, 1956, and earlier. Of this his most recent flight, which was made

on January 30, Lord Montgomery writes: "The photographs were taken from the air. The aircraft was a dual-control Messerschmitt Typhoon of the Swiss Air Force. My pilot was Colonel Frey, Commander of the Fighter Group based on Dubendorf, near Zurich. We took off from the airstrip at Saanen, near Gstaad, at twelve noon and flew eastwards. My objective was to carry out a photographic reconnaissance of the Todi (11,886 ft.), which crowns



HIGH AMONG THE DESERTED SNOWY WASTES: A VIEW OF THE LOWEST OF THE TRIPLE PEAKS OF THE TOEDI, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH. THE THREE PEAKS OF MOUNT TOEDI ARE CLEARLY SEEN IN THE VIEW BELOW, LEFT.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE BLACK AND RUGGED NORTH FACE OF THE TOEDI: A VIEW LOOKING TO THE SOUTH-EAST. IN THE CENTRE OF THE SKYLINE CAN BE SEEN THE BERNINA GROUP OF MOUNTAINS ABOVE AND TO THE SOUTH OF ST. MORITZ.

SOME STRIKING AERIAL VIEWS OF MOUNT TOEDI TAKEN BY LORD MONTGOMERY.

the watershed between the valleys of the Rivers Linth and Rhine. It was a glorious day, with a clear sky. We climbed to a height of 14,500 ft. and remained at that height for most of the flight of one-and-a-half hours. I suffered no inconvenience from the lack of oxygen at such a height. My camera was a Rolleiflex. I used a Kodak film; the super-speed TRI-X, the fastest of the Kodak series. All the photographs were taken with a shutter

speed of 1-250th and stop F-22. The speed of the aircraft was 150 m.p.h. The photographs were all taken between 12.30 and 1.30 p.m., which is the best period for air photography in the high Alps. A filter was used for all pictures." Weather conditions for Lord Montgomery's Alpine flight this year appear to have been exceptionally favourable. Previously he experienced temperatures as low as 63 degs. of frost Fahrenheit.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 7. SOME EXAMPLES OF ANIMAL PARTNERSHIPS—FROM THE

Too great an emphasis has, perhaps, been placed upon conflict among living organisms which is epitomised in such sayings as "Nature, red in tooth and claw" and "The survival of the fittest." The ideas underlying these have tended to obscure the extent to which co-operation between species takes place. This may take many forms (a few outstanding examples are shown by our artist on these pages) and some of them are not fully understood, although we may suspect that the partnership brings a mutual benefit. The deep-sea sponge has its body mounted upon a rope of glass spicules, the lower end being embedded in the mud of the sea-bottom and the upper part is usually encrusted with a colony of Palythoa polyps, related to sea-anemones. Here is a very simple partnership in which the Palythoa find safe anchorage and the

rope is thereby strengthened by being tightly bound. The hollow body of the Venus Flower Basket (centre, left), another deep-sea sponge, is entered by a pair of prawns in their larval state, which shelter there for the rest of their lives. Here it is difficult to see any advantage to the sponge. Similarly obscure are the benefits to a mussel of having a female pea crab living within the folds of its body. Other one-sided partnerships are seen in the fish that takes refuge in the intestine of a sea-cucumber or a sea-anemone, and the small fishes which shelter among the stinging tentacles of a jelly-fish. In these three examples, also, there is the further puzzle that the fishes do not come to harm. There is a crab (centre, right) which carries a sea-anemone in each claw, and we can only suppose that the crab obtains protection from the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A.

JELLYFISH NURSEMAID AND "FIRST CLOCHE GARDENER" TO FISH AND BIRD DENTISTS.

stinging tentacles of the anemones and that the anemones benefit from being carried on one feeding-ground to another. Equally obscure also is the association between the pilot fishes and the sharks which they accompany. More positive and more obvious advantages are seen when small wrasse pick the teeth of the parrot fish, or the plover picks the teeth of a crocodile (bottom, right), or when the ox-pecker rides the buffalo of its skin parasites. The grooved hairs of the sloth (centre left, top) give shelter to minute plants, the green colouring from which helps to disguise the sloth living among green foliage. A different form of protection is gained by the weaver finches building their nests near a colony of wasps (top, right). More active co-operation is seen in the honey guide which, by its calls, directs the honey badger to the nest of

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

the wild bees, the bird and the badger sharing the spoils (centre, right). The most highly social animals, the ants, use these co-operative actions to the fullest degree. Two examples are shown here: ants which carry aphides to a food plant and take the honeydew exuded by the aphides, and those which feed the larva of a beetle and later take a food substance, the ambrosia, from it (top, left). Such an ingenious association is not, however, the prerogative of higher animals. The giant clam (centre, left), "the first cloche gardener," which harbours microscopic plants, obtaining food and oxygen from them, has developed lens-like structures in its skin which focus the sun's rays on to its plant guests, making them more productive. These few examples show that in Nature there are "more ways than one" of living together.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"FAMILIAR in his mouth as household words." It is King Henry speaking on the morning of battle. Certainly that phrase is familiar in our mouths. Within a few nights, I have met again "Henry the Fifth" and "Twelfth Night," names so often in our theatre that their repetition must alarm anybody who can see a play only once, read a book only once, and (presumably) breathe only once.

Paul, upon Mars' hill, knew that "the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." That is ever so; but I cannot believe that, in the theatre, we shall tire of early summer in Illyria or of the touch of Harry in the night. I am equally certain that such a scene as that from a transiently fashionable modern piece—a bawling affair—in which an alleged young man of the period taunts his pregnant wife, is half-dead already.

I saw John Harrison's revival of "Twelfth Night" at Nottingham, and Douglas Seale's treatment of "Henry the Fifth" at Birmingham. Since my playgoing began, I have been devoted to the work of the English Repertory Theatres, up-and-down maybe, but always alive, usually fresh and exciting. London must be the centre of our stage; but a playgoer in love with the theatre has to explore: I rarely return from exploration without some lasting memory. From this journey I keep my recollections of a "Twelfth Night" that came to the mind as almost a new comedy, and a "Henry the Fifth" taken for once not merely as an assault-course of rhetoric.

Mr. Seale is at work on the stage of the Birmingham Repertory where he restored the three parts of "Henry the Sixth." As his "Henry the Fifth" opens, a vertical shaft of light descends upon the gold crown, set for a moment upon the council table at which the King will sit. When the play ends, the light strikes again upon the crown, worn now by Henry as he stands with Katharine. Between these two moments the French campaign has been fought. We have been shown the soul of the King, the man responsible to England and the English people ("Upon the King!... He must bear all"): a loyal son, moreover, who seeks to expiate his father's fault in "compassing the Crown."

We are used to the chronicle as a battle-blaze, a flag in air. Mr. Seale proves that it can stir us as truly if we are allowed to use our imaginations. Throughout, he has refused to hector, to bullyrag. Chorus—spoken subtly by Bernard Hepton—leads us quietly to the scene. "For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings." At our elbow, Chorus is guiding our minds, helping us to create. For once we do listen to the familiar words. Sometimes all we have had has been a golden noise, the sun coming up like thunder. Splendid, yes; but the quieter reading is valid.

Elsewhere, we never hear the famous speeches as we have been used to hearing them. Albert Finney, a resolute King in the very May-morn of his youth, does not take the Crispin's Day oration as a set-piece. Sitting upon the ground, he thinks the lines rather than declaims them, and that, indeed, is the note of the production. It is thought, not declaimed. Mr. Seale, in a programme note, says, "I once heard an actor describe the play as a national anthem in five acts. It is greater than that, I think." We can always acquit this director of change for change's sake, the quest after some new thing. Although, now and again at Birmingham, I did miss the battle-banner Henry, much of the play came through as a new text in which we could discern, more clearly than before, the character of the King, not a symbol but a man. "Small time,

but in that small, most greatly lived this star of England."

The play, in Paul Shelving's double-decker set, moved with the pace and flexibility we expect in a Seale production. Further, its treatment suited the small stage. We were not blown out of the theatre. I was glad to allow the "vasty fields of France" to grow before me. As Herbert



PLAYING THE TITLE-ROLE IN SHAKESPEARE'S "KING HENRY THE FIFTH" AT THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE: MR. ALBERT FINNEY, WHO IS ONLY TWENTY-ONE.

Mr. Albert Finney was born at Salford in 1936, and displayed real talent in the fifteen plays he acted in at Salford Grammar School. On his headmaster's advice he went to the R.A.D.A. in 1953, and in 1956 he took the part of Troilus in "The Face of Love," the final term students' play. Since then he has played a number of different parts with increasing assurance and now takes the first leading rôle in his professional career as King Henry the Fifth.

than that of a lawn-tennis court." The Birmingham "cockpit" could hold the vasty fields—aye, and the very casques that did affright the air. If I am dubious about the early Harfleur scene, that is because this is the one passage that does demand the fullest sweep. Mr. Finney, crouched upon the stage, looking down at his army as it began to make its assault, from the coffee-bar, along the front row of stalls, could not summon it (or us) to the breach with much effect. It was far better soon afterwards when he shouted his terms to the theatre roof (there both actor and director could let go), and, far above us and despairing, other voices yielded the town.

In Albert Finney Birmingham has a young actor of immense promise, "ripe for exploits." If he is not fully armed yet, his understanding is never awry: he left in my mind, as no previous Henry has done, the line, "The day, my friends, and all things, stay for me." His King is not a paladin but a young man, eager, anxious, capable of deep feeling (for example, at "imploping pardon"), both one of the band of brothers and its leader unchallenged. Ever he feels the weight of the crown. It is only when battle is won that this man of plain and uncoined constancy can afford to relax: we know it is not for long. He, Mr. Hepton, and Sonia Fraser's Katharine are at the heart of a revival that honours actor, director, and Sir Barry Jackson's stage.

"Henry the Fifth" is to run on into March. "Twelfth Night" has ended at the Nottingham Playhouse, but I hope that I can keep Demon Topicality in the wings for a minute while I remember a production of importance: one that, like "Henry the Fifth," seemed to bring to us the play unrubbed, as if the First Folio had opened its pages. True, John Harrison—elsewhere an ardent Folio man—did change the order so that we began with Viola on the Illyrian shore, followed by the first Sebastian-Antonio scene. After that—and few purists grumbled—the comedy

took its course through an Illyria whose people, stripped of traditional accretions of business (there was, I agree, one new and debatable device for Viola), and seen freshly, without the usual conventional heightening for this effect or that, appeared to be welcome new-comers rather than the neighbours of everyday.

There was never a hint of archness. We had no stock theatrical responses to familiar lines. That joke on Malvolio is never wildly comic: in this version, with the actors deliberately understating, we became (I think) properly conscious of a chill in the May air. We are used to a bitter-sweet play—from a bitter-sweet age—but I had never been more aware of the epithet than at Nottingham, when we were permitted to consider characters and plot for ourselves without conventional distortion; without being bludgeoned (for one thing) into belief that the conspirators were the gayest of practical jokers.

Most of all, from this "Twelfth Night," I recall Daphne Slater's Viola. She has become one of the best young actresses of her day. Nottingham, I hope, was grateful for her performance, so warmly in love, so gentle, and so true. Doubtless Viola should not have sung Haydn's setting of "She never told her love" (she was alone on the stage before her second scene with the Duke), but a director must be allowed a foible—Mr. Harrison has uncommonly few—and, in any event, we know that Viola can sing. Does she not say so on the Illyrian shore?

Back, then, to London, with gratitude for two revivals that have meant more to a Shakespearean than many modish flourishes have done. Familiar in our mouths as household words? Yes; but Shakespeare is eternally new.



AT THE NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE: THE DUEL SCENE FROM JOHN HARRISON'S RECENT PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," WHICH HAS BEEN MUCH PRAISED FOR ITS CLARITY AND FRESHNESS.

In this duel scene from "Twelfth Night," Fabian (Norman Rose; left) is saying, "Give ground, if you see him furious," to the Viola disguised as Cesario (Daphne Slater). Back to back with her is Sir Andrew (John Southworth) being urged on by Sir Toby Belch (Peter Duguid).

Farjeon said: "It should never be forgotten that Shakespeare wrote with the advantages and limitations of a small theatre continually in mind. The size of the Globe Theatre, south of the Thames, auditorium and stage combined, was no bigger

so warmly in love, so gentle, and so true. Doubtless Viola should not have sung Haydn's setting of "She never told her love" (she was alone on the stage before her second scene with the Duke), but a director must be

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE CRYSTAL HEART" (Saville).—Musical play, with Gladys Cooper. (February 19.)
- "THE MASTER OF SANTIAGO" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfitt in Henry de Montherlant's play, translated by Jonathan Griffin. (February 20.)
- "HARVEST TIME" (New Lindsey).—A new musical play. (February 21.)
- "THE DUCHESS OF MALFI" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.).—Webster's tragedy revived. (February 21.)



CONTAINING A MEMORIAL TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS: THE EAST END OF THE NEW ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET.

The Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, completed to the designs of Sir Christopher Wren in 1680, was reduced to a shell in an air raid on December 29, 1940. Fortunately the magnificent "bride-cake" steeple, one of Wren's greatest achievements, survived the raid and remains one of the City's outstanding landmarks. It is hoped that by the end of this year the rebuilding of the rest of the church will have been completed. The architect is Mr. W. Godfrey Allen, who has recently retired from the office of Surveyor to the Fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral, which he had held for twenty-five years. He has aimed at restoring Wren's original design, for the church had suffered many changes in the years between its completion and destruction. A striking feature of the new

St. Bride's will be the east end, which is seen here in Mr. John Stammers' painting from Mr. H. L. G. Pilkington's perspective drawing. The mural painting is by Mr. Glyn Jones, and follows the description in E. Hatton's "New View of London" (1708) of the original fresco designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The magnificently carved oak reredos is to be a Memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers, and, in particular, to Governor Edward Winslow, an apprenticed printer in Fleet Street, whose parents were married in the church on November 3, 1594. Winslow was three times Governor of Plymouth, New England. Thus the new St. Bride's will have as one of its noblest features a tangible memorial to the close link between the Pilgrim Fathers and this country.

MAGNIFICENT GOLD ORNAMENTS OF THE KIND COLUMBUS SAW ON HIS LAST VOYAGE:
PANAMANIAN PECTORALS AND PENDANTS FROM A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION AT ROTTERDAM.



A HEAVY GOLD PENDANT SHOWING A PRIEST WITH A JAGUAR MASK, FROM WHICH EMERGE TWO ALLIGATOR-HEADS, AND WITH A FROG-MASK AT THE WAIST. 31 INS. HIGH, AND FROM COCLE PROVINCE. (Collection, Don F. Greblien.)



TWO SMALL GOLD PENDANTS, SYMBOLS, THE SPANIARDS BELIEVED, OF DEVIL WORSHIP, PERHAPS REPRESENTING CHIEFTAINS. THE SMALLER MAY BE SMOKING, OR PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT; THE OTHER HAS A FEATHER HEAD-RESS.



THE DETAIL OF A CACIQUE'S PECTORAL IN GOLD, SHOWING THE HEAD OF A SUN-EAGLE, FROM WHICH EMERGE TWO ALLIGATOR-HEADS. THE WING-SPAN IS 51 INS. AND IT IS FROM COCLE PROVINCE. (Collection, Don F. Greblien.)



A SMALL GOLD PENDANT SHOWING A PRIEST, ADORNED WITH FIVE FROGS' HEADS—ONE ON THE BROW, AND TWO EACH ON THE SHOULDERS AND BESIDE THE EARS. HEIGHT, 21 INS. (Collection, Don F. Greblien.)



A MAGNIFICENT GOLD PECTORAL OF A CACIQUE EXCAVATED IN COCLE PROVINCE BY A PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION. IT SHOWS A CREATIVE GOD, WITH TWO FEATHERED SERPENTS. ITS HEIGHT IS 91 INS.



A BREAST ORNAMENT IN THE FORM OF A DOUBLE-HEADED BIRD OF PREY, WITH A WING-SPAN OF NEARLY 3 INS. IT IS OF CAST AND HAMMERED TOMBAC, AN ALLOY OF GOLD, COPPER AND TIN. (Collection, Don F. Greblien.)



A DELIGHTFUL PENDANT IN THE FORM OF TWO SITTING FROGS. THIS ALSO IS MADE FROM THE ALLOY TOMBAC, AND COMES FROM COCLE PROVINCE. (Collection, Don Fernando Greblien, of Colon.)



A SUPERB OVAL BREAST-PLATE, OF THE KIND COLUMBUS SAW THE CACIQUES WEARING IN PANAMA DURING HIS FOURTH VOYAGE. EXCAVATED BY PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY IN COCLE. HAMMERED GOLD. HEIGHT, 10 1/2 INS.

During recent archaeological work in the Republic of Panama, Dr. Hans Feriz, of the Royal Tropical Institute of Amsterdam, found that many of the rich hacenderos owned collections of remarkable pre-Columbian gold and jade ornaments discovered in old Indian burials. Among such collections are those of Don Fernando Greblien, of Colon; Mr. E. L. P. Taitelman, of Cristobal; Eng. E. Hauke, of Cristobal; Don Maximo Acosta Soto, of San José; and Mr. F. Mortlock, of Managua. With the assistance and permission of the Panamanian Government, Dr. Feriz was able to gather together a representative

loan collection of these little-known objects; and this collection, with other Central American material, was recently exhibited in the Rotterdam Ethnological Museum; and will later in the year proceed to Switzerland before being returned to the several owners; and the nine objects, all of gold except for two, which are of *tombac* (an alloy of gold, copper and, in Panama, tin), which we reproduce are all taken from this exhibition. Quite apart from their intrinsic interest and, often, beauty, there is an additional interest in the fact that they come from the district, the land of gold, that Columbus was long seeking. In

the course of his fourth and last voyage to America he wrote to the King and Queen of Spain that after eighty-eight days of storm he had reached a coast—at Cabo Gracias a Dios—and that one of the countries south of that was Cariay, where he had learnt of a district called Ciamba where the inhabitants were naked and wore only gold mirrors on their chests, which they never sold or exchanged. He attempted to find gold-mines but learnt that they were about 25 miles south of Veragua, and found inhabitants who were willing to sell him gold. A later attempt to reach Veragua was successful, and Columbus's brother,

Bartolomeo, led an expedition inland and returned with considerable quantities of gold. This was in February 1503, and shortly after, following many misadventures, Columbus left Panama, never to return; but it is from this same district, the Panamanian provinces of Chiriqui, Veragua and Cocle, that these gold objects come, the pendants and the pectorals which Columbus saw as gold mirrors on the naked breasts of the Indian caciques. The American Indians were masters of alloying gold; and could produce *tombac* objects from the surface of which the baser metal was dissolved, thus giving a skin of pure gold.



BEFORE AND AFTER: THE EFFECTS OF IRRADIATION ON EIGHT TYPES OF STONE. THE TREATED EXAMPLES ARE SHOWN ABOVE THE UNTREATED IN EACH CASE. IRRADIATION EITHER MAKES THE COLOUR DARKER OR CAUSES A COMPLETE CHANGE OF COLOUR.



TWO MORE EXAMPLES OF CHANGES IN COLOUR BROUGHT ABOUT BY IRRADIATION: UNTREATED AND TREATED SYNTHETIC WHITE SAPPHIRE AND RUBY.

WHAT ATOMIC IRRADIATION CAN DO TO PRECIOUS STONES: "BOMBARDED" AND NORMAL GEMS COMPARED.

For a long time it has been known that gem stones, both natural and synthetic, will change colour when they are irradiated, and both X-rays and radium have been used to produce these changes. Recently, however, the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority announced that for a certain charge they would undertake to irradiate diamonds at Harwell, which is to be visited by her Majesty the Queen on March 1. During her visit it is expected that her Majesty will view the collection of gem stones illustrated on this page. Colour changes produced by irradiation normally disappear when the stones are heated. It is usually necessary to heat them to above 500 degs. Centigrade, and this changes the stone back to its original colour. A spokesman of the Diamond Trading

Company, the sole distributors of rough diamonds in this country, has commented that the sales of natural coloured diamonds are not likely to be seriously affected, although it is said that irradiated coloured diamonds can be obtained for a quarter or half the price of the natural stones. It is interesting to note that the production of synthetic rubies and sapphires has had very little effect on the value of the natural stones. White diamonds are considered to be supreme and nearly all diamonds sold here are white; but irradiation will increase the variety of shades available in coloured diamonds. The "boles," in our lower illustration, are the pear-shaped uncut pieces of stone produced in the synthetic manufacturing process.

The gem stones illustrated on this page are from the collection of Mr. Thorold Jones.

THE DISCOVERY OF A HUGE IMPERIAL FRIEZE, UNSEEN SINCE A.D. 365, AT CYRENE; FINE CHRISTIAN MOSAICS; AND THE CREATION OF THE LIBYAN KINGDOM'S ANTIQUITIES DEPARTMENT.

By R. G. GOODCHILD, M.A., F.S.A., *Controller of Antiquities, Cyrenaica, Libya.*

Cyrene, now one of the most interesting places in North Africa for the tourist and the lover of the past, was founded towards the end of the seventh century B.C. by Greek colonists probably from the isle of Thera. It achieved great fame and prosperity until submerged in the Moslem invasion of about A.D. 644. The latter half of its history to that date was one of decline marked by three disasters, the dying out of the silphium industry, the massacres of the Jewish Revolt of A.D. 115 and the earthquake of A.D. 365. Previous articles on Cyrene have appeared in our pages: on January 22, 1949, by Mr. R. D. BARNETT; and on July 16, 1955, by Mr. G. R. H. WRIGHT, accompanied by a reconstruction drawing of the Baths of Artemis. MR. GOODCHILD here writes of the latest work in this ancient city and of the training of Libyan personnel in the crafts and techniques of an Antiquities Department.

IN February 1954 a new programme of continuous large-scale excavation was inaugurated on the site of the famed Græco-Roman city of Cyrene, in eastern Libya. The occasion was notable in that the project has been sponsored and financed by the Provincial Government of Cyrenaica, eastern province of the young Libyan kingdom, which gained its independence as a result of the Second World War.

In the past the exploration of ancient Cyrene was undertaken by foreign expeditions which, in the early years, found the local population indifferent to the remains of past civilisation, and even hostile towards their investigators. In 1860-61 the British officers Smith and Porcher encountered many difficulties, but were successful in exhuming some 150 ancient marbles, now in the British Museum. An American expedition in 1910 suffered the loss of one of its members, shot down by a fanatical tribesman.

In 1913 the chance discovery of the attractive "Venus of Cyrene" by Italian soldiers encamped near the Fountain of Apollo led to excavations which continued for nearly thirty years, directed by Italian archaeologists. The results were splendid: ancient works of art, Greek and Roman, were found in abundance, together with historical inscriptions of the greatest importance. The fine public buildings of the city, pieced together from fallen fragments, are to-day of the greatest touristic interest.

The war and its aftermath put an end to intensive excavation; but steps were taken, first under the temporary British administration, later under the independent government, to build up an Antiquities Department staffed almost entirely



FIG. 1. AT WORK ON THE MOSAICS OF THE RECENTLY CLEARED CHURCH OF THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D.: TRACING ON TO STUCCO THE MISSING PARTS OF THE GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS. SEE ALSO FIGS. 10 TO 13.

One of the most interesting aspects of recent work at Cyrene (referred to by Mr. Goodchild in his article) is the training of Libyans in various aspects of archaeology, excavation and preservation. A number of apprentices have received training on the treatment of mosaics by a U.N.E.S.C.O. expert, Signor Teodoro Orselli, Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Ravenna, Italy.



FIG. 2. THE MARKET-PLACE OF CYRENE, WHERE CLEARING OPERATIONS AND RE-ERECTION OF FALLEN COLUMNS HAVE BEEN RECENTLY UNDERTAKEN.

This is the Roman Market; and the columns which have been re-erected were thrown over in the violent earthquake of A.D. 365. The late Roman Theatre (Fig. 3) lies to the left and the magnificent Propylæum frieze (Figs. 4 and 5) immediately to the right.

by Libyan personnel. Until recently the funds at the disposal of the Department did not permit more than routine works of conservation.

During the last two years, and mainly as a result of the financial agreements with Great Britain and America, Libya has been able to

sponsor her own excavations, the results of which should help to attract tourists to a little-known but hospitable and attractive Arab country. Cyrene, as the main tourist centre in eastern Libya, has seemed to merit priority.

During 1954 work began on the clearance of a Roman Theatre long known to exist in the central valley of the city, adjoining the major east-west street. It proved to belong to a late phase of the city's life, having been built after a disastrous earthquake (in A.D. 365) had devastated the earlier places of entertainment. Apart from a series of marble "herms" adorning its stage, it yielded few remains of ancient art; but it is of interest as one of the latest Theatres to have been built in the Roman Empire (Fig. 3).

Beneath the floors of this Theatre there came to light substantial remains of an earlier Market-place, the marble colonnades of which had fallen during the earthquake (Fig. 2). The existing floors of this Market are of marble and belong to the Severan Age (circa A.D. 200), but earlier stone pavements show that the history of the Market was a long one.

Adjoining the Market a broad flight of stairs led to the upper parts of the city; and fronting this staircase the fallen remains of a great Roman Propylæum came to light in spring 1955. During the earthquake of A.D. 365 the three 10-ton blocks of the architrave, supported on 30-ft. columns of the Corinthian order, crashed down into the main street of the city, and later inhabitants of Cyrene abandoned hope of raising these huge stones, contenting themselves with a higher street-level which passed over them.

The lifting of these blocks (Fig. 4) was a task which taxed to the full the limited resources of the

Department, but by the summer it was completed. The effort proved to be justified, for the blocks were found to bear a sculptured frieze of the age of Septimius Severus, the Roman emperor who, born at Leptis Magna, in Tripolitania, may be claimed as a Libyan.

The frieze depicts, in bold relief, scenes of combat between horsemen and dismounted figures (Figs. 5 and 6). Further analysis will be necessary before it can be decided whether this scene refers directly to the Wars of Severus in the East, or whether it is more of a mythological character. For the moment it may be noted that this is the first large-scale sculptured frieze to be found at Cyrene, where the prevailing architectural style tended to be severe and unadorned.

Early in 1955 work began on the clearance of another little-known monument of Cyrene, the large Christian church or "Cathedral" in the eastern part of the city (Figs. 7 and 8). Despite the literary evidence of early Christianity at Cyrene. [Continued overleaf.]

CYRENE'S NEW-FOUND SEVERAN FRIEZE;
AND AFRICA'S LATEST ROMAN THEATRE.



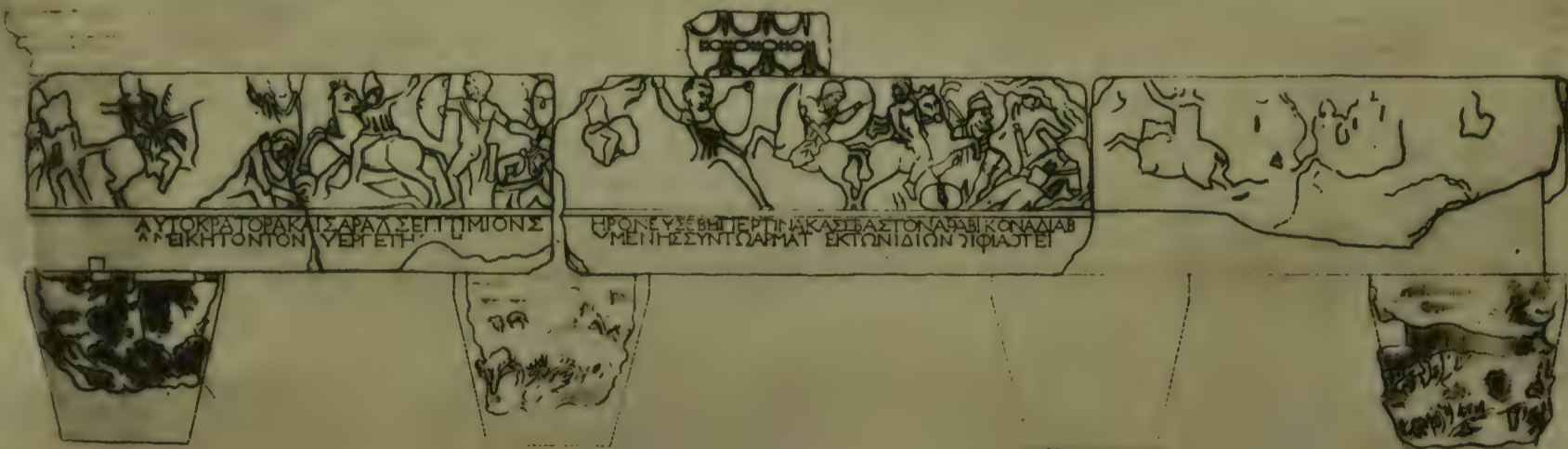
FIG. 3. ONE OF THE LATEST THEATRES TO BE BUILT IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE: THE ORCHESTRA (BUILT AFTER A.D. 365), SHOWING THE MARBLE HERMS.



FIG. 4. A DRAMATIC AND EXCITING MOMENT: LIFTING THE FIRST BLOCK OF THE PROPYLÆUM FRIEZE, UNSEEN SINCE IT FELL ON ITS FACE IN THE EARTHQUAKE OF A.D. 365. SEE FIG. 5.



FIG. 5. TWO OF THE THREE GREAT BLOCKS OF THE FRIEZE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS (C. A.D. 200), AFTER RE-ERECTION AND SOME RESTORATION. THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, ALTHOUGH CONTIGUOUS, WERE TAKEN AT DIFFERENT ANGLES—HENCE THE REPETITION OF PART OF THE BACKGROUND.



CYRENE 1955

SEVERAN PROPYLÆUM

SCALE 1METRE

FIG. 6. A DRAWING OF THE GREAT FRIEZE (FIG. 5), SHOWING PART OF THE MOULDING ABOVE AND THE CAPITALS OF THE 30-FT. CORINTHIAN COLUMNS WHICH SUPPORTED IT. THE GREEK INSCRIPTION SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT AN UNNAMED DONOR ERECTED IT IN HONOUR OF THE EMPERORS SEPTIMIUS AND PERTINAX, AND IMPLIES THE PRESENCE OF A CHARIOT—EITHER A TROPHY OR A PIECE OF STATUARY.

Continued.

(it was, of course, Simon of Cyrene who carried the Cross), few Christian remains have hitherto come to light on the site. The excavation of the Cathedral (built about A.D. 450) is still in progress, but the eastern part of the building has now been cleared of the soil and stones (up to 12 ft. in depth) which covered it. The most interesting discovery is the Baptistry, which has, as its baptismal tank, a re-used pagan sarcophagus (Fig. 9) with marble steps inserted within it. The Christian neophyte descended by these steps to the deepest part of

the tank where the rite of total immersion was performed. Small "Maltese" crosses on the lip of the tank marked where he entered and emerged. The baptismal tank stood beneath a canopy supported on six marble columns, three of which were found *in situ*, and the monument has now been consolidated by the Department of Antiquities for permanent display. Of equal interest is a fine mosaic recently found in a chapel adjoining the eastern apse of the Cathedral, and provided, as an inscription testifies, by "our holy

[Continued opposite.]

THE 5TH-CENTURY CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL OF CYRENE AND ITS ANIMAL MOSAICS.



FIG. 7. THE GREAT CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL OF CYRENE (FIFTH CENTURY A.D.), LOOKING EAST. THE STAIR (RIGHT) IS MODERN.



FIG. 8. THE WESTERN APSE OF THE CYRENE CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE STEPS OF THE BISHOP'S THRONE. IN FRONT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN (RIGHT) HAS FALLEN ON THE ALTAR.



FIG. 9. IN THE BAPTISTERY OF THE CHURCH: A PAGAN SARCOPHAGUS FITTED WITH MARBLE STEPS TO SERVE AS A BAPTISMAL TANK.

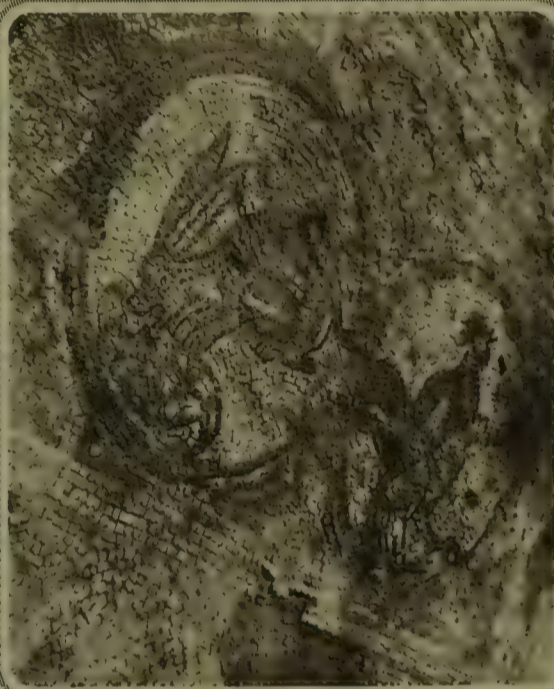


FIG. 10. PART OF THE MOSAIC FOUND IN A CHAPEL BESIDE THE EAST APSE: THE TWO ROUNDELS SHOW A HARE AND A COCKEREL.

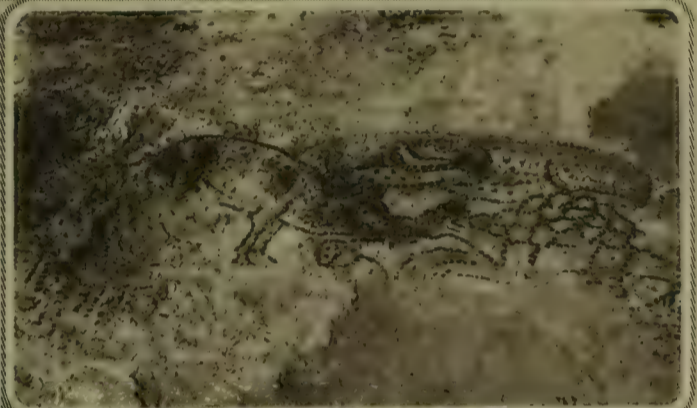


FIG. 11. THE STRANGE CENTRE-PIECE OF THE CHURCH MOSAIC, WHICH SHOWS TWO UNIDENTIFIED ANIMALS FIGHTING, WITH A BACKGROUND OF SEA-MONSTERS.

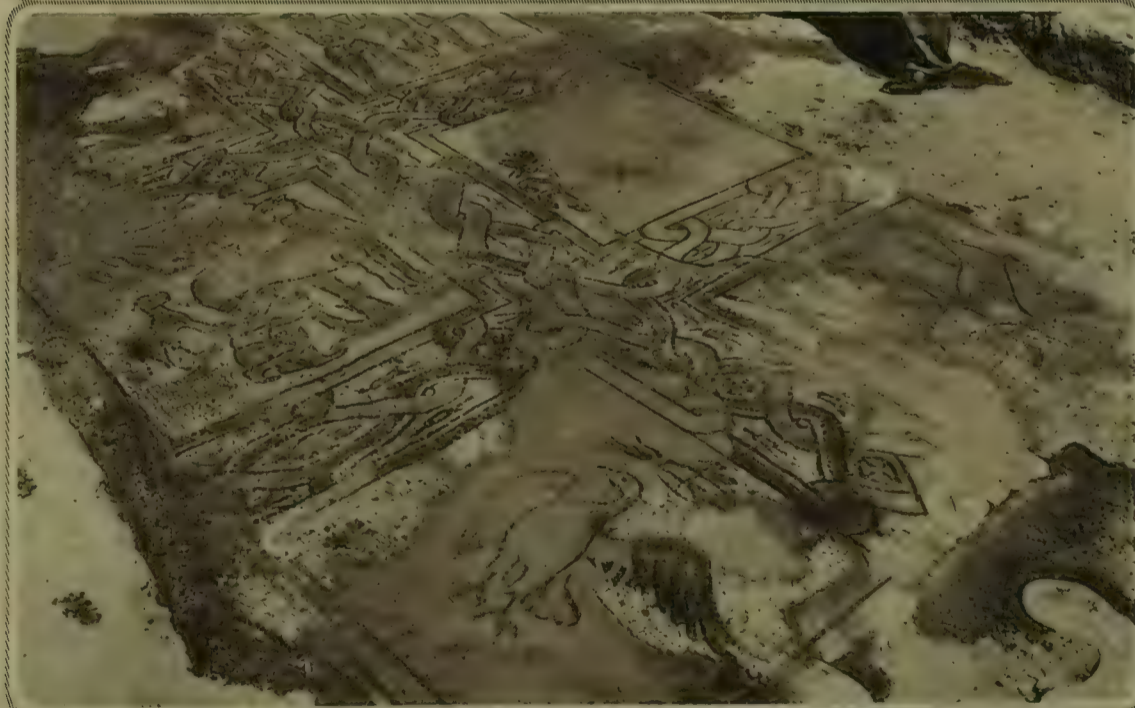


FIG. 12. A VIEW OF PART OF THE CHURCH MOSAIC GIVEN IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BY "OUR HOLY BISHOP." THE SUBJECTS, ANIMAL AND AGRICULTURAL, ARE NOT SPECIFICALLY CHRISTIAN AND RECALL BROWNING'S BISHOP'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIS TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S.



FIG. 13. THE FINEST, ARTISTICALLY, OF THE CYRENE CHURCH MOSAICS. IT SHOWS A FISHERMAN IN A SKIFF, IN A NILOTIC SCENE, HAULING IN A WELL-FILLED NET.

Continued. bishop and lover of building" (Figs. 1, 10-13). The mosaic has a border of animals within medallions enclosed by vine tendrils: the beasts have a Libyan character since they include both lion and elephant, as well as hares, stags, etc. More puzzling is the central panel which depicts two unidentified animals fighting, against a background of sea-monsters. A human figure is pulling the tail of the left-hand beast, whose adversary may be intended as an alligator, although it more closely resembles an armadillo (Fig. 11). Apart from its scientific and touristic results, the new programme of excavation is giving valuable experience to the Libyan staff of the Department. Re-erection

of heavy columns, repair of damaged sculpture, and consolidation of mosaics are all tasks which, in future years, must be carried out by Libyan personnel. U.N.E.S.C.O. has recently supplied some technical training facilities (Fig. 1). It is, therefore, pleasant to record the genuine enthusiasm and great potential skill of many of these antiquities workers. They are conscious of the fact that these ancient monuments are part of their heritage, and they are anxious that the outside world will be assured of their capacity to maintain them. Now that the war-damaged hotels of Cyrenaica have been repaired, it is hoped that ancient Cyrenaica may play its part in attracting tourists.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT happened many years ago. A good Swiss friend of my family, an enthusiastic gardener, had a couple of plum trees to plant, and instructed the

gardener to "go round to Mr. Dollamore and ask him to let me have a barrowful of mortal remains." Now Mr. Dollamore was not only the local builder, he was also the village undertaker, and that combination might surely have led quite easily to complications and misunderstandings. Mr. Dollamore might have questioned, why send a barrow—why not a nice urn? But no. He was a highly intelligent fellow, and, above all, understanding. He rumbled the situation, and our friend got exactly what she wanted, a barrowful of good old mellow mortar rubble. From that moment "mortal remains" became a family word, and has remained in use among us to this day, and so much as a matter of course do we use it, that now and then I have noticed puzzled looks on the faces of friends and strangers, when gardening was under discussion, and turned to that invaluable commodity "mortar rubble."

As a deplorably unscientific gardener I have the greatest faith in mortar rubble and its close relation, old plaster from ceilings and walls. My faith in it, as a beneficent treat for plants which crave lime, is founded, I fear, on nothing but hearsay, hunch, and perhaps a certain amount of practical experience.

In planting fruit trees, plums, apples, pears, peaches and figs I am a great believer in digging-in a good helping of old mortar rubble, or plaster. Dig the hole first, and then dig the rubble into the soil at the bottom of the hole, and add more rubble to the soil during the filling-in. This is especially valuable on ground which is light and acid, the sort of soil in which that tell-tale little weed sheep's sorrel flourishes. Lime can be given to the soil in other ways, of course. A dressing of ordinary garden or slaked lime, or, as the sundries merchants delight in calling it, "hydrated lime," will correct the acidity, and is valuable for dressing the garden as a whole. But as a limy luxury for special application to special plants I am a great believer in "mortal remains." With mortar rubble, as opposed to plaster, there is often a good deal of broken brick adhering to the remains. Personally, I welcome this matrix, for I know of few more welcome things than burnt brick or baked clay—which is the same thing as brick—for keeping heavy soil open, or retaining moisture in light soil. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that a lump of brick or sandstone or mortar rubble, buried in the soil, retains moisture within itself, whilst the roots of shrub or tree or plant delight in questing closely around it, hugging it, deriving comfort and a little liquid nourishment in the process.

In the rock garden and the Alpine house "mortal remains" are perhaps even more valuable than in the kitchen garden, and among the fruit trees. In mixing up soil confections for growing Alpine plants in pans or pots, old mortar with brick rubble is a real luxury. Personally, I like to break it up with a hammer into lumps the size of acorns or hazel-nuts, and then together with the smaller pea and split-pea-sized fragments and, of course, all the dust and crumbs as well, they go in with the other ingredients of the potting mixture—loam, leaf mould or peat, silver sand, and so forth, all according to taste and experience, and

MORTAL REMAINS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

remembering always, in these matters, that I am not dealing with dangerous drugs. It amuses me to read solemn instructions for the mixing of soil ingredients for growing special plants—and often quite ordinary plants, with amounts given in fractions and fractions of fractions.

In potting-up choice Alpines into pans for the Alpine house, very thorough drainage is important. If there is a supply of "mortal remains" handy, it is an excellent plan to put the usual conventional crocks over the drainage holes at the bottom of the pans, and then, over them, a layer of rough mortar and brick rubble, broken to a convenient smallness. It not only ensures excellent drainage, but it gives satisfaction to the roots of the plants, which go questing about among this mellow, porous roughage.

Whilst I am on the subject of broken brick and burnt clay I will add a hint as to the use of broken flower-pots when reduced to grit and chips. In

sheds, and then, during spells of hard frost or over-rainy weather, grinding crocks became one of the make-do jobs for some of the garden boys. The work

was done in a shed adjoining the office. Broken pots were fed into the hopper of a hand-worked machine like a giant coffee-grinder. It was hard work, and a rather unpopular job, especially as the grinding made a noise which could be heard not only in the office, but across half the nursery. This meant that if the lads turned lazy and took an unreasonably long breather, the sudden silence at once gave them away to the entire staff, from the boss and the manager down to the deputy office boy's understudy. This flower-pot grit is wonderful stuff for all potting mixtures, and is especially useful in growing Alpines to which "mortal remains"—or any other form of lime—are poison. It is sharp

and gritty and porous. A well-cultivated pan or pot of some silver saxifrage, with its arching plumes of myriads of white blooms, is a very beautiful object. So, too, is a pan of Ramonda, with crinkled, deep-green leaves and great lavender-blue flowers. And I know of nothing more helpful in producing such plants than some good rubble—not to mention the crumbs of "mortal remains" buried in their soil.

Liming one's garden is a most important occasional operation, and for this, garden lime is perhaps better and more convenient than mortar rubble. I will not go into the chemistry of the effect of lime on the soil and the plants. You will find it all in the next and nearest text-book on gardening. It is a good plan to read the matter up, and act upon it, even if you do not fully understand the technical jargon and the chemical symbols. It is an odd thing, but a fact, that gardens whose natural soil is full of chalk, or limestone, are just as much in need of the occasional dressing of garden lime as any other garden and soil. Yet too often amateurs assume that a soil which is full of chalk, or other form of lime, does not require "liming," forgetting—to put it in its simplest, crudest form—that there is lime—and lime.

Many years ago I had a striking illustration of the importance of lime, not in this case upon plants, but upon livestock. I kept at that time a gossip of about two dozen hens and a solitary pet goose. They lived in a meadow separated from the garden by a wire-netting fence. All went well until one day I found that both hens and goose were literally wasting away. All were "light as a feather." I called in the vet. He examined them, and suggested two or three high-sounding maladies from which they *might* be suffering. He even took one away for analysis. But he made no suggestion, neither definite diagnosis nor remedy.

It was an old gaffer who suggested the cause of the trouble, and the remedy. Although the birds had a couple of acres of meadow to wander in, the silly creatures spent their whole time on a strip of ground about 3 yards wide, close to the wire fence, and nearest, of course, to the direction from which their meals arrived. That strip of ground had become stale and heavily fouled. I gave it a heavy dressing of lime, which worked a miracle. The birds were all fit, hearty, and putting on weight within a week.



"I KNOW OF NOTHING MORE HELPFUL IN PRODUCING SUCH PLANTS THAN SOME GOOD RUBBLE—NOT TO MENTION THE CRUMBS OF 'MORTAL REMAINS' BURIED IN THEIR SOIL": A PAN OF RAMONDA NATHALIE "WITH CRINKLED, DEEP-GREEN LEAVES AND GREAT LAVENDER-BLUE FLOWERS."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

the old days, at my nursery at Stevenage, we used enormous quantities of smashed and ground flower-pots in potting mixtures for choice Alpines. Flower-pots were for ever getting broken, not only during potting operations in the sheds, but by frost in the open beds during hard weather. All were carefully saved and stored in bins under the benches in the

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ART NEWS FROM THE U.S.A.: MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS AND THE ROVENSKY SALE.



AN IMPORTANT PIECE RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK: A MARQUETRY COMMUNE FROM ST. GILES'S, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE EARLS OF SHAFTESBURY. IT WAS PROBABLY MADE IN CHIPPENDALE'S WORKSHOP IN ABOUT 1771-73.

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)



SOLD IN THE ROVENSKY SALE AT THE PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, NEW YORK, LAST MONTH: ONE OF A PAIR OF ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ADAM-HEPPLEWHITE HAREWOOD MARQUETRY AND SATINWOOD DEMILUNE COMMUNES, WHICH WERE BOUGHT BY MALLETT AND SON LTD., LONDON, FOR \$25,000 (£8950). (Height: 34 ins.)



PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON: A GOYA PORTRAIT OF THE SIX-YEAR-OLD VICTOR GUYE, PAGE TO JOSEPH BONAPARTE, KING OF SPAIN.

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.)



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK: AN ENGLISH CARVED MAHOGANY CABINET OF ABOUT 1760 AND ATTRIBUTED TO WILLIAM VILE.

(Height: 4 ft. 8½ ins.) (Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)



ONE OF THREE OUTSTANDING ROYAL BEAUVAIS MOLIERE TAPESTRIES SOLD IN THE ROVENSKY SALE IN NEW YORK: "LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE," AFTER THE DESIGN BY J. B. OUDRY, SIGNED AND DATED 1832. BOUGHT BY FRANK PARTRIDGE'S FOR \$37,500 (£13,400).



A PAIR OF CANDLESICKS AND A PAIR OF TAZZAS: PART OF THE CELEBRATED ASHBURNHAM GEORGE I GILDED SILVER ARMORIAL TOILET SERVICE. MADE BY BENJAMIN PYNE, LONDON, IN 1719, THE SERVICE OF TWENTY-ONE PIECES WAS BOUGHT BY A EUROPEAN PRIVATE COLLECTOR FOR \$50,000 (£17,650) IN THE ROVENSKY SALE.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has recently added several notable pieces to its collection of English furniture, two of which are shown here. Both were acquired through the Morris Loeb Gift Fund. The National Gallery of Art in Washington announced on February 3 the purchase of the striking Goya portrait reproduced above. Until about 1913 the portrait, which achieves a "fascinating and sympathetic interpretation of childhood," remained in the sitter's family. Since 1946 it had been on loan to the National Gallery of Art, which has now purchased it with funds derived from the



CONTRIBUTING \$12,000 (£4300) TO THE TOTAL OF \$2,438,980 (£871,000) RAISED BY THE COLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MRS. JOHN E. ROVENSKY: A CHELSEA TUREEN, IN THE FORM OF A RABBIT, WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY THE ANTIQUE PORCELAIN CO., LONDON. RED ANCHOR MARK; c. 1755. (Length: 13½ ins.)

bequest of the late William Nelson Cromwell. Great interest was aroused in New York by the sale last month at the well-known Parke-Bernet Galleries of the collections of works of art, jewellery and books which had belonged to the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky, who died last July. Many European buyers attended the sales, which attracted huge crowds to the auction rooms. Four major items from Part I of the Art Section of the sale are illustrated here. Outstanding among the jewellery was the fabulous Cartier-Tiffany diamond necklace, which was sold for \$385,000 (£137,500).



WHENEVER I see or hear the word "Rosewood" I remember a small boy perched up on a music-stool struggling with Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" on the rosewood piano we used to have. It seemed enormous to me though it was the ordinary upright and it wore, behind its fretwork front, a green silk waistcoat which I much admired. The wood was very shiny and had, of course, been french-polished; so bright was this polish that I believe to this day that when I made faces at the end nearest the window it answered by a dim but satisfactory reflection. Infant memories, it is well known, are indestructible, and because this very ordinary Victorian piano was a familiar and friendly object I have never been able to share the disdain with which the wood of which it was made used to be regarded by the cognoscenti, though I have long since learnt that, whatever the appropriate treatment for pianos, french-polishing must not be applied to furniture, good or bad.

Lately though, these same cognoscenti, or may be their successors, have been relenting a little and have been venturing out of their ivory towers to take an interest in what happened to the furniture trade during the generation after the year 1800, a magical date, once considered to mark the end of all things worth the attention of a gentleman. Among other discoveries they have found that rosewood, whether by itself or in combination with other woods, or with metal, is not without virtue. It is a heavy dark wood with a reddish tinge, so-called, it is said, because when fresh-cut it smells of roses. As its natural habitat is India and Brazil I have had no opportunity of checking this statement and have always believed it obtained its name by reason of its rose colour. The timbers of various trees are known by this name, but the best and most fragrant, often called Palisander wood, comes from *Dalbergia nigra*, native to Brazil, whence we have imported most of that used for furniture-making since the early part of the nineteenth century, though it was not unknown previously.

When left to itself and properly treated it is a beautiful material, as I realised a day or so ago when I looked closely at the imposing commode of Fig. 2 which Messrs. Blairman and Sons presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum last year; it has a fine figure and a tone which I can best describe as half-way between that of walnut and mahogany. But of course there is a good deal more to be said about this monumental and distinguished piece of furniture than that. A casual glance would tempt one to think back to the early eighteenth century, and the brass inlay on the two drawers and the general proportions might well suggest that the great André Charles Boulle, who died in 1732 at the age of ninety, had a say in it. Then you begin to think of the style of our William Kent, Lord Burlington's protégé, who died in 1748, and after that you noticed the heavy gilt brass mounts with classical masks at each corner and between the two drawers and the vigorous acanthus leaf mouldings on the two doors; these are typical of the French Regency

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A CONTRAST IN STYLES.

style—i.e., early eighteenth century. But then the delicate engraving on the brass inlay surrounding each door seems to be taken straight from the designs of Robert Adam in the last half of the century. The thing is, in short, a combination of several well-defined historic styles, and was probably made during the 1820's. The use of rosewood throughout is alone convincing proof of this. So richly and well made an object was obviously intended for a great house, if not a

palace, and it would be interesting to know who, at that period, could have been responsible for it.

The Museum puts forward the tentative suggestion that it might be from the workshops of a certain Louis le Gaigneur, presumably a French emigré who, early in the nineteenth century, set up in business at 19, Queen Street, off the Edgware Road, and is known to have supplied a quantity of Boulle furniture to the Prince Regent's Carlton House between 1815 and 1816. (One may hope he was paid for it.) There is one signed piece by this otherwise unknown maker in the Wallace Collection, a copy of an eighteenth-century Boulle design executed in tortoiseshell and metals but, we are informed, the present state of our knowledge makes it impossible to attribute this commode definitely to him, in spite of its many French features. Numerous cabinets and commodes by him must exist in odd corners of the country and it is possible that some reader of this page may be able to throw further light upon his activities.

Casting around for a contrast to this magnificent, not to say grandiose commode, I doubt whether I could find anything simpler than the little bureau of Fig. 1 which also owes its form to France but is designed for more humble homes than were the distinguished and luxurious examples from which it was adapted. The French called this type of boudoir writing-bureau a *bonheur du jour*—as charming a name as the thing itself and untranslatable—and in the heyday of Louis XV and of his successor lavished upon it every possible embellishment from exquisite marquetry to plaques of Sèvres porcelain. This English version of a popular Paris fashion has much to commend it—for one thing, if you owned it you would not feel compelled to pull down your house and build a palace instead—and was made by those excellent craftsmen the Gillows of Lancaster (father and son, Robert and Richard), whose cost-books, I believe, exist from 1784 onwards. The material is satinwood, the legs taper down elegantly and rosewood is used for the cross-banding—the usual way for rosewood to be utilised in the eighteenth century. The two doors of the upper portion open out to reveal pigeon-



FIG. 1. AN "ENGLISH VERSION OF A POPULAR PARIS FASHION": A LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SATINWOOD *BONHEUR DU JOUR*, BY GILLOWS OF LANCASTER. THIS PIECE IS CHOSEN BY MR. DAVIS AS A CONTRAST TO THE REGENCY COMMODO, ALSO SHOWN HERE. (Width; 27 ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)



FIG. 2. "A COMBINATION OF SEVERAL WELL-DEFINED HISTORIC STYLES": A ROSEWOOD REGENCY COMMODO WHICH MAY HAVE COME FROM THE WORKSHOPS OF LOUIS LE GAIGNEUR. IT WAS RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY MESSRS. BLAIRMAN AND SONS. (Width; 3 ft. 9½ ins.) (By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

holes and six small drawers; there is a folding panel and a baize-covered interior. Date, towards the end of the eighteenth century, that is a good twenty or thirty years earlier than the Victoria and Albert Museum commode.

It came up for sale at Christie's last December; when I saw it then it seemed to me as nice and as friendly a piece of domestic furniture as ever emerged from distant Lancaster. Up to about thirty or forty years ago it would have been regarded as the final echo of the gracious tradition of English cabinet-making before the fuss and bother of the industrial age began to clutter up men's minds with the heresy that worthwhile design must necessarily be pompous. Nowadays we are less censorious and recognise that both in France under the Empire and in England after Trafalgar there were honest-to-goodness cabinet-makers who kept their respect for fine timbers and were capable of ornamenting them with discretion—and sometimes, as with the Victoria and Albert's new acquisition, of producing a piece which can be described as magnificent in the sense in which that word had been known a century before.

SAMUEL PALMER AND HIS CIRCLE: AN ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION.



"THE WEALD OF KENT," A DRAWING OF 1833 BY SAMUEL PALMER IN THE EXHIBITION "SAMUEL PALMER AND HIS CIRCLE—THE SHOREHAM PERIOD" AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY, 4, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE. (Pen and ink and water-colour; 7½ by 10½ ins.) (Eardley Knollys, Esq.)



"THE WEALD OF KENT," BY JOHN LINNELL (1792-1882). THIS WAS VERY PROBABLY DRAWN IN PALMER'S COMPANY DURING ONE OF LINNELL'S VISITS TO SHOREHAM. SIGNED JL AND DATED 1833. (Pencil, sepia, pen and ink and wash; 11 by 15 ins.) (Leonard Duke, Esq.)



"BARN IN A VALLEY," A PALMER DRAWING OF ABOUT 1829-30. IN HIS LANDSCAPE DRAWING PALMER WAS ENCOURAGED BY LINNELL TO MAKE STUDIES FROM NATURE. (Pen and ink and gouache over pencil; 11½ by 17½ ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum.)



"THE VALLEY OF VISION, SEPHAM BARON, SHOREHAM," A DRAWING OF 1828 WHICH BLENDS PALMER'S NATURALISTIC STYLE WITH HIS "PASTORAL VISION." (Pencil, pen and ink and wash touched with white; 10½ by 17½ ins.) (Leonard Duke, Esq.)



"THE BRIGHT CLOUD" (1833-34); ONE OF PALMER'S "CAREFULLY COMPOSED LATE SHOREHAM PICTURES." (Oil and tempera on panel; 9½ by 12½ ins.) (Mrs. Richmond Robinson.)



"A RUSTIC SCENE." SIGNED AND DATED: SAMUEL PALMER 1825. PALMER HAD MET BLAKE IN 1824 AND HIS WORK IN THE DARENTH VALLEY BEGAN IN THE FOLLOWING YEAR. (Sepia mixed with gum, and varnished; 7 by 9½ ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum.)

Two interesting exhibitions are to be seen at the Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, until March 23. "Samuel Palmer and his Circle—the Shoreham Period" illustrates the work of ten years, 1825-35, in the work of Palmer and his friends and associates. The second exhibition—"Indian Paintings from Rajasthan"—consists of seventy-two works from the Gopi Krishna Kanoria Collection in Calcutta. They give a vivid impression of the vital, poetic and colourful qualities of this school of Hindu painting, which is so far little known in the West. Six works from the former exhibition are reproduced here. Samuel Palmer was born in 1805, the son of an unprosperous bookseller, who brought him up in a curriculum based on the Bible and Milton. He grew up with a "passionate love . . . for the traditions and

monuments of the church" and a "very strong and pure feeling" for landscape. His father encouraged his bent for painting and he was sent for instruction to William Wate. In 1822 he met John Linnell and two years later William Blake. These two artists were to exert great influence over his work in the ten years when Palmer worked in the lovely Darenth Valley, near Shoreham, in Kent. Here, as Mr. John Commander points out in his preface to the catalogue of this exhibition, the "visions of his spiritual eye were to find their visual expression in the landscape and pastoral life." In 1827 Palmer was able to settle at Shoreham, and from 1828-31 he achieved his most individual works. Edward Calvert, F. O. Finch, John Linnell, George Richmond, Welby Sherman and Henry Walter are also represented in this exhibition.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HOW FIELD-MICE CARRY THEIR YOUNGSTERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was on October 16 of last year that Dr. C. S. Beale, Dominion Astronomer of Canada, had an unusual visitor. He described the experience in a letter to me: "Recently an incident occurred in our home in connection with what I have assumed to be a field-mouse which gained entrance to the house in some way. The mouse seemed larger than a house-mouse and in particular its ears were rather large and translucent towards the edges. About noon, my wife entered a small room in our home which we call a den. On the seat of a large chesterfield chair was a mouse of large size, with a small baby mouse apparently nursing but certainly attached to the mother's body, presumably by one of her teats. The large mouse appeared quite tame and little disturbed by the presence of several human beings, five in all. After my wife called me in, it did, however, run up the side of the upholstered chair and located itself in an ash tray on a side table. During these motions the baby mouse continued to be firmly attached to the mother's body, holding on as far as could be ascertained by the mouth."

Dr. Beale continued: "I was able to catch the pair by putting a wide tin-can over them and succeeded in getting the cover on the can. I had intended to take them outdoors and release them, but before doing so endeavoured, as I was standing in the middle of the room, to raise the lid of the can slightly so they could be seen. As soon as I had done this the mouse jumped out, landing on the floor with the young one still attached. The mouse ran back of a radiator where, considering its previous tendency to 'stay put,' I thought I could easily catch it again. Upon looking, however, I found that there was a mouse-hole back of the radiator into which the pair had disappeared."

"During all these incidents, including the jump of 3½ ft. to the floor, the baby mouse continued firmly attached to the body of its presumed mother, something which I would have supposed impossible if I had not personally witnessed it. Later, the possibility was considered that the small mouse was in the process of being born, and that it was still attached to its mother by the umbilical cord. This idea was rejected for the following reasons: (1) the female mouse would not likely have been up on the chair under such circumstances; (2) the relative positions of the two were not in accord with such an idea; (3) the small mouse appeared too developed for a newly-born creature. Its coat was dark and glossy, its tail was long and it appeared larger than one just born."

I am grateful to Dr. Beale for permission to quote from his interesting and graphic account, which I felt on reading his letter should be put on record. As to the identity of the mouse, I have consulted my friend, Mr. R. W. Hayman, who tells me there is little doubt the mouse was a white-footed or deer mouse (*Peromyscus*), the North American equivalent of the European long-tailed field-mouse, or wood-mouse (*Apodemus sylvaticus*). It happens that early in 1956, Professor K. Zimmermann, of Berlin, had published in

Der Zoologische Garten the results of his observations on *Apodemus* and other small rodents, especially in the matter of the transport of their young. I therefore got into touch with Professor Zimmermann in the hope of obtaining the use of the very striking photograph he had published, showing a yellow-necked mouse (*Apodemus flavicollis*) transporting its litter by the teats. The

may be seen transporting one of her young holding it by some part other than the scruff. Zimmermann finds that holding by the scruff is normal, but that if for any reason, such as fear due to disturbance, or the need for haste from any other cause, the female may grab the first convenient part of the youngster to carry it. In this form of retrieving, the young animal makes no protest and shows no sign of alarm, but it does show a rigidity in certain of the muscles.

The transportation using the maternal teats is quite otherwise, in two main particulars. First, Zimmermann found that the initiative in this is taken by the youngsters, the mother's rôle being passive. Secondly, during it the young ones are fully relaxed. This second point has an interest in relation to Dr. Beale's observations.

In regard to the first of these two points, Professor Zimmermann offers two observations. In the first, a female wood-mouse had crept into a food-bowl, and she only then became aware of one of her youngsters hanging to her. She carried it back into the nest and returned to feed. On another occasion, some young field-mice had been brought into unfamiliar surroundings to be weighed. As Zimmermann puts it, they showed their desire for return transport by attempts at suckling each other and also his hand.

When being transported in this way, the young hang on so firmly that one is able to lift the mother and the rest of the litter by picking up one of the youngsters. On another occasion, some young field-mice were being fostered by a female house-mouse, a species in which transportation by the teats does not occur. The foster babies, being unaware of this taxonomic difference in behaviour, strove to be carried in this way. In a second instance, in which baby field-mice clung to their house-mouse foster mother in this manner, she tried to tear them away to retrieve them in the normal, and, for her, only manner. The youngsters allowed fatal bites to be inflicted on them without letting go. It appears also that transport by the teats occurs but rarely prior to the opening of the eyes, which takes place in the long-tailed field-mouse and the yellow-necked mouse on the twelfth or thirteenth days.

Both the long-tailed field-mouse and its North American cousin, the white-footed field-mouse, figuring in Dr. Beale's account, are given to jumping. I have commonly seen the first of these taking vertical leaps of 2 to 3 ft., or more, in an effort to escape capture. Presumably, if the female is playing a passive part in the peculiar method of transport by the teats she will take the usual steps to escape capture, irrespective of her responsibilities at that moment. Her living burden may reduce the distances through which she can leap, but we may safely assume that her leaps will still be fairly extensive and that any attached young will tend to take the force of impact as she lands. It may be supposed that the relaxed condition is essential in the young to ensure their safety in such circumstances.



WITH A VERY YOUNG LITTER: A LONG-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE, OR WOOD-MOUSE, IN THE ACT OF RETRIEVING ONE OF HER BABIES, SEIZES IT BY ITS UNDERSIDE. ALTHOUGH THE BABY MICE SUBMIT READILY TO THIS METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION, THE BODY IS NOT RELAXED, AS SHOWN BY THE RIGIDITY IN THE LEFT HIND LEG OF THE MOUSE SHE IS RETRIEVING.



RETRIEVING ONE OF HER LITTER: A LONG-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE EMPLOYING THE USUAL METHOD OF HOLDING THE YOUNGSTER BY THE SCRUFF. ONLY IF EXCITED OR ALARMED WILL THE MOTHER VARY THIS BY GRABBING THE YOUNGSTER AT ANY CONVENIENT PART OF THE BODY.

Photographs by Dr. Steinbach, reproduced by courtesy of Professor K. Zimmermann.

film of this cannot now be found, but Professor Zimmermann has kindly sent me other excellent pictures by the same photographer, Dr. Steinbach.

The normal method of retrieving the young, found in insectivores, carnivores and rodents, is by the mother taking the youngster by the scruff, holding it in her mouth. It is, however, a fairly common observation that occasionally a female

responsibilities at that moment. Her living burden may reduce the distances through which she can leap, but we may safely assume that her leaps will still be fairly extensive and that any attached young will tend to take the force of impact as she lands. It may be supposed that the relaxed condition is essential in the young to ensure their safety in such circumstances.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE CHAIRMAN OF FAIREY AVIATION DIES: MR. R. T. OUTEN.

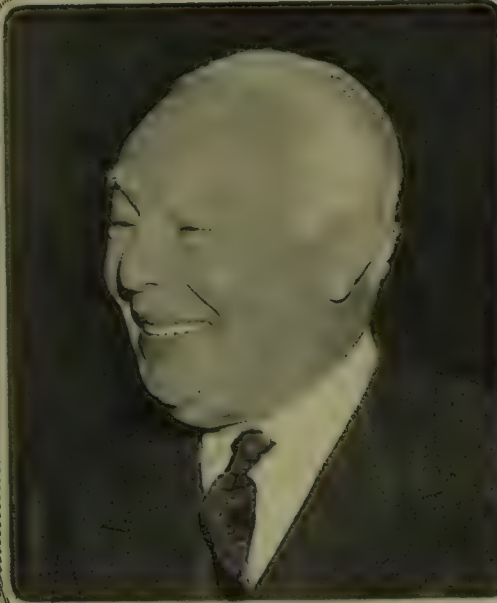
Mr. R. T. Outen, who became Chairman of the Fairey Aviation Co. Ltd. last October, died on Feb. 16 at the age of fifty-six. Mr. Outen was senior partner of a City firm of solicitors. He was a member of the Law Reform Committee and a member of council of the Institute of Directors, and held a number of senior posts with leading commercial concerns.

Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.



VITAL YEARS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: THE LATE LORD VANSITTART.

Lord Vansittart, who was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1930 to 1938, died on February 14. He was seventy-five. Before 1939 he made most strenuous efforts to warn the nation of the coming catastrophe. He was made a Baron in 1941. In recent years he gave many warnings about the Soviet régime and British internal security measures.



ARMY REFORMS AND ROAD SAFETY: THE LATE LORD HORE-BELISHA.

Lord Hore-Belisha, who after three years as Minister of Transport was Secretary for War from 1937 to 1940, died on February 16. After serving in the First World War, he was called to the Bar and became an M.P. in 1923. In his first ministerial office he was responsible for several successful road safety measures, and, as Secretary for War, for a number of Army reforms.



TO BE C-IN-C., PORTSMOUTH: ADMIRAL SIR GUY GRANTHAM.

Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, who has recently served as C-in-C. the Mediterranean, and C-in-C. Allied Forces, Mediterranean, is to succeed Admiral of the Fleet Sir George E. Creasy as C-in-C., Portsmouth, it was announced on February 14. From 1951 until 1954, when he received his Mediterranean appointments, he was Vice-Chief of Naval Staff.



MARRIED IN GERMANY: PRINCE CHARLES VLADIMIR OF LEININGEN AND PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE.

On Feb. 14 the civil wedding of Prince Charles Vladimir of Leiningen and Princess Marie Louise, who is the daughter of the late King of Bulgaria, took place at Amorbach, in Germany. On the bride's right can be seen her mother, Queen Giovanna, and behind, centre, can be seen the bridegroom's brother.



A VISIT TO LONDON: GENERAL NORSTAD, ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. NORSTAD, SAYING FAREWELL TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

General Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and his wife had lunch with Mr. Macmillan at No. 10, Downing Street, on February 12. General Norstad held talks with the Minister of Defence, Mr. Sandys, concerning possible reduction of British military strength in Europe. General Norstad's view was that it would be dangerous to make reductions in military strength.



WINNERS OF THE EUROPEAN ICE-DANCING TITLE: THE BRITISH CHAMPIONS, C. JONES AND MISS MARKHAM.

C. Jones and Miss J. Markham, the British champions, won the European ice-dancing title at Vienna on February 15. Last year they were the runners-up. Second and third places were also taken by British skaters, G. Rigby and Miss B. Thompson coming second and M. Robinson and Miss C. Morris, third.



AT THE FOYLES LITERARY LUNCHEON MARKING THE PUBLICATION OF "THE TURN OF THE TIDE": LADY CHURCHILL AND SIR ARTHUR BRYANT.

On February 14 a Foyles Literary Luncheon was held at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, to mark the publication of "The Turn of the Tide," which is based on the war diaries of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke and written by Sir Arthur Bryant, who has contributed

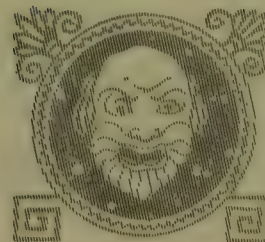


THE AUTHOR OF THE DIARIES ON WHICH "THE TURN OF THE TIDE" IS BASED: LORD ALANBROOKE WITH LADY CHURCHILL.

"Our Note Book" in *The Illustrated London News* since 1936. As Chief of the Imperial General Staff Lord Alanbrooke played an important part in the direction of the war at the top level and his diaries give the "inside story" of the turning-points of the conflict.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



NEARLY GOOD.

By ALAN DENT.

TWO long-playing discs have recently been issued in which that great conductor, Dr. Bruno Walter, can be heard not only performing but, at much greater length, rehearsing the Linz Symphony of Mozart. It goes without saying that this is an object-lesson in musicianship. But it is also an object-lesson in courtesy. Most famous conductors are so irascible at rehearsal—or so I am told—that any recording of their preparations for performance would be an embarrassment or might even be censorable. Dr. Walter is fastidious but never angry. He cajoles without cursing. He even praises his musicians. But it is the guarded quality of his praise which interests me as a commentator. When he is very pleased indeed Dr. Walter, in his delightful Viennese English, says "My friends" or even "My dear friends." And once, when a phrase has almost reached the perfection for which he has been striving, he comes the nearest he ever comes to flattering. He says:—"That is nearly good!"

Let us all take this to heart and give the jaded "marvellous" and the overdone "admirable" a long-deserved rest. Each of the several films I have seen lately has its points. I would even go so far as to say that four out of the five are "nearly good."

For example, "The Secret Place" is a thriller which succeeds in thrilling for at least half an hour of its course. It concerns a well-laid scheme for robbing a Hatton Garden diamond-merchant's store, a scheme which gangs slightly a-gley. (I have always been told that this bit of Burns is the only quotation outside of "Hamlet" which needs no inverted commas.) The robbery is planned in detail in the East End of London. The two chief planners are very well played by Ronald Lewis

The best sequence in the film shows how a genuine diamond can be mistaken for a pretty toy by a baby, and be gradually exchanged and bartered for by children of increasing ages till it finally changes hands for eighteenpence between two little slum-girls just entering their teens. This film's director, Clive Donner, will do much better work by and by. This one, of course, is English.

An American effort in a very much more elaborate style is "The Girl Can't Help It," directed by Frank Tashlin and founded on a script by Garson Kainin. The ultimate founda-

said to wiggle her way into our hearts. Miss Mansfield goes one better: she undulates. She is certainly a somewhat devastating young creature, and the funniest thing in this quite funny film is the way in which she thunderstrikes all sorts and conditions of blasé hotel-managers and cabaret-runners by the simple act of walking past them, if such a progress can be called a walk. This same film, incidentally, sets out to satirise the craze for rock-'n'-roll dancing. But this sort of lunacy cannot be satirised because it is in itself beyond exaggeration. It exaggerates itself all the time it is practised. It follows that the dance scenes, which are obviously supposed to be the funniest thing in this film, are not funny at all. They are just depressing. What is funny is the Mansfield slouch, and Mr. Ewell's unmoved gaze upon it every time it happens. The same actor's ironic description of rock-'n'-roll was heard without a murmur of amusement from the audience on the afternoon I witnessed this film:—"Here is the music that expresses the culture, the refinement, and the polite grace of the present day!"

American, too, is "The Rainmaker," in which Burt Lancaster as a quack-magician brings refreshment and eventually, and to his own surprise, rain to a drought-bound farmstead in remotest Kansas where Katharine Hepburn is the unmarried daughter of the farm. This film has a queer kind of pathos and even a touch of symbolism—qualities which were lacking in the play-version recently seen in London. Its chief value is that it gives Miss Hepburn a splendid opportunity to spill her pent-up emotions at the climax. Immediately her own private rainstorm is over, the elemental and miraculous rainstorm itself comes along.

We are very much in Britain again with



MICHAEL BROOKE AS FREDDIE IN J. ARTHUR RANK'S "THE SECRET PLACE," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY CLIVE DONNER.

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Michael Brooke, in 'The Secret Place,' is singled out for his promise, not his accomplishment. In a week which has given us Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in one film, Margaret Leighton and Sir Ralph Richardson in another, and Tom Ewell and the startling Jayne Mansfield in a third, it would be absurd to claim that he gives the outstanding performance. But his sincerity makes its mark even among all this starry glitter. He has to play the part of a Cockney boy of fourteen or so, who quite innocently idolises a young woman about ten years older. He does so without mawkishness and with a curiously touching and memorable quality."

tion, in fact, is the latter's delightful play, "Born Yesterday," with many differences. For here again we have the utterly dumb blonde turned into a world-shaking star by the magnate who owns her, all of the body and whatever there is of soul. The star-maker is a theatrical agent who lives on whisky and is quite irresistibly well played by Tom Ewell, the wittiest gnome on the screen. The star made is a Miss Jayne Mansfield, who has nothing in common with Jane Austen except the accident of her name. That other portent of the sort, Miss Marilyn Monroe, is always



"HERE AGAIN WE HAVE THE UTTERLY DUMB BLONDE TURNED INTO A WORLD-SHAKING STAR": "THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT"—A SCENE WITH JERRI (JAYNE MANSFIELD) AND TOM MILLER (TOM EWELL). (LONDON PREMIERE; CARLTON, HAYMARKET, JANUARY 31.)



THE STORY OF A LADY-NOVELIST AND HER HUSBAND IN WHICH A NOVEL EMBARRASSINGLY COMES TO LIFE: A SCENE FROM THE NOVEL IN "THE PASSIONATE STRANGER," IN WHICH LEONIE (MARGARET LEIGHTON) ARGUES WITH HER CRIPPLED SCIENTIST HUSBAND, CLEMENT (SIR RALPH RICHARDSON), AND THE ITALIAN CHAUFFEUR, MARIO (CARLO JUSTINI), WALKS IN. (LONDON PREMIERE: GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, FEBRUARY 6.)

and Michael Gwynn, though the former suggests Cardiff and the latter Dublin rather than Shore-ditch or Bethnal Green. Belinda Lee, too, who plays the sweetheart of the former, a girl selling tobacco and cigarettes in a kiosk, has gone to no very thorough lengths in the matter of acquiring the more refined sort of East End Cockney (the sort of thing that Miss Dora Bryan does so superbly in the comic vein—what you might call elevator Cockney). But the sense of place is well communicated, by the simple method of making the film in the places where it is supposed to be happening. The authentic note, especially in the all-important matter of accent and intonation, is best caught by Michael Brooke as a stricken adolescent and by Geoffrey Keen as his father, a straight-minded "copper" worried about the moods and behaviour of his boy.

practically lives on whisky and is quite irresistibly well played by Tom Ewell, the wittiest gnome on the screen. The star made is a Miss Jayne Mansfield, who has nothing in common with Jane Austen except the accident of her name. That other portent of the sort, Miss Marilyn Monroe, is always

"The Passionate Stranger," a slightly over-protracted but still very effective narration, in which we see Margaret Leighton as a lady-novelist married to Sir Ralph Richardson. They have an Italian chauffeur, engagingly played by a newcomer, Carlo Justini. The moral of the tale is that if such a lady-novelist should write a novel about a lady-pianist married to a cripple and finding

consolation in the arms of a handsome chauffeur from Sicily, she had better not leave the manuscript in her car where the chauffeur may read it and have ideas put in his head. The fun of it is that we see the lady-novelist's own story in black-and-white at the beginning and the end of the film, whereas we see her novel enacted in gorgeous colour in the middle, even as the chauffeur reads it. With a shade more of cutting, this—directed by Muriel Box—would be first-rate entertainment. It is, in any case, quite brilliantly acted. It is nearly good.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"ZARAK" (Generally Released; February 11).—An orgy of unintentional fun in and around the Khyber Pass, with Victor Mature and Michael Wilding keeping commendably straight faces, and Anita Ekberg dancing like a Swedish houri.

"TOWN ON TRIAL" (Generally Released; February 18).—Detective John Mills, in a not-very-true-to-type English town, investigates the murder of two girls whom all the citizens loved and all the citizenesses detested.

"THE MAN IN THE SKY" (Generally Released; February 18).—Jack Hawkins is sterling and on top form as a pilot who has a gruelling half-hour alone in a damaged plane but does not forget to pick up the laundry on the way home. Full marks for both suspense and naturalness.



TEMPORARILY BACK IN ENGLAND: HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII ON LOAN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The only authentic portrait of King Henry VIII by Holbein which has survived is to be seen at the National Gallery in London for three weeks from February 18. It has been lent by Baron Heinrich Thyssen-

Bornemisza, whose family bought it from the collection of Earl Spencer at Althorp between 1935 and 1937. This small portrait, measuring only 11 by 7 ins., shows Henry VIII when he was about forty-five.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WE are now dipping into the past for odd volumes of a modern classic; "Lines of Life," by François Mauriac (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), was first published in 1928. This fact is visible in the story, but not so as to date it materially; and though the tone is less sultry and infernal than in some other works, it has not only the Mauriac tension but a peculiar bite. The scene is Viridis, in the Garonne Valley, where the octogenarian Jean Gornac hugs his rural empire, with a daughter-in-law as grand vizier. She is all the family he has left, except her son Pierre; and Pierre, with his gawky, didactic piety and indifference to the land, is only a piece of grit. Even his devout mother finds him a trial, whereas she gets on quite comfortably with the "heathen" old man. Indeed, more comfortably than with her husband, who was a fool at business: and whose life, "with bitter regret but without a shadow of remorse," she finally sacrificed to the vines. For Elisabeth's sincere piety is only a habit; her true devotion, like old Gornac's, is land-worship.

But this summer brings an upheaval. Love comes to Viridis, in the form of a pretty boy, Bob Agave. His grandmother used to be old Gornac's daily woman; his father is something in the Ministry of Finance. And Bob himself is a fleshly cherub, sweet, stupid, ruined by adoration and coddling from a social clique. He knows it won't last; to these youth-fanatics he is a mere fleeting abode of their idol. And he would be getting desperate at twenty-three, if he had not Paula—the well-born girl who does love him.

Now Bob has been sent to Viridis as an invalid, to stay with his grandmother. And for the first time Elisabeth Gornac's eyes are opened; she has a vision of love, and of the blankness of her apparently busy days. To make the boy happy, she even lends herself to a rendezvous with Paula. And when Pierre bursts in, ugly and shrill, jealous and self-righteous, tale-bearing from the highest motives, Elisabeth is furious with him—and indignant with Paula for running off. The girl had it in mind to relent; but she is too late. And, after all, Elisabeth has gained nothing. Gradually, after a convulsion of loss and self-knowledge, she sinks back on her land-worship, and her God "who is numbness and sleep"; only Pierre, whose God is "Spirit and Life," has made a profit.

What strikes one, even beyond the intensity, is the Arctic treatment of all concerned: from Agave senior, broken on the wheel with dispatch, to the placid, well-meaning Elisabeth, slowly crushed. While Pierre, child of light, is made on purpose the most repellent figure.

OTHER FICTION.

In "O Beulah Land," by Mary Lee Settle (Heinemann; 18s.), we have an American frontier saga of rare distinction. This one goes right back to the mid-eighteenth century: when the frontier is still in Virginia, when there are still French as well as Indian wars, and "redemptioners" and convicts are still being shipped out from "home." Perhaps nothing later has quite the power of the opening; and what comes nearest it is the sequel—the rescue of Hannah the pickpocket by Jeremiah, an equally lone, hunted redemptioner who has seen the Light. After that we get back to origins: to Hannah's arrest in London, and crossing in the same ship with Squire Raglan, her Newgate lover, and Jarcey Pentacost, the young printer. We pursue all their fortunes; and at the end—on the eve of Revolution—all except Squire are neighbours in Beulah, Jonathan's longed-for and still precarious settlement in the west. *En route* we have learnt a great deal. The social history counts for more than the actors; but it has drama as well as subtlety.

"The Lonely Londoners," by Samuel Selvon (Wingate; 12s. 6d.), is social history piping hot: a kind of prose ballad or calypso, by an Indian from Trinidad, describing the West Indian invasion of London from the invaders' angle and—presumably—in their dialect. There is no story. There is no central figure—unless you count Moses the old-timer; only a medley of "spades," freezing in the fog, basking in the Cythera-summer, rackets and thrilled, lonely and getting nowhere. . . . One ought to read this; and it is fascinating as well.

"Miss Hogg and the Brontë Murders," by Austin Lee (Cape; 13s. 6d.), is even more literary than you might think; for no sooner has Mr. Gubbenheim, an American tourist, been knocked on the head at Haworth than there is a second, or Wordsworthian murder at Rydal Water, and then a third near Stratford on Avon. So that Miss Hogg and her satellite Milly Brown can indulge in a lot of jaunting—with special activity at Cambridge and some emergency transport from undergraduates. Beyond a general sense of lost manuscripts and inaccessible American millionaires, I never had an idea what was what. But it doesn't matter; for as the ex-school-marm is the least portentous of sleuths, blithely favouring intuition and a good time, the reader likewise can take it easy, and enjoy himself very much on that basis.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THERE are few now who consider Morphy and Anderssen the best chess players ever born.

Chess technique has advanced so steadily under the stimuli of intensive competition and research, that if either were so unlucky as to be reincarnated and flung into the chess arena of to-day, he would find it hard to defeat even so-called second-class amateurs.

This is the consensus of opinion to-day.

The introduction of a radical new conception, such as the fianchettoing of bishops (which was new to Europe, though old to India, in the 'twenties); play against a square-colour-complex; the restrained pawn centre and others we could name, tells hard against a player whose formative years preceded it. Old masters lose to young because the latter make effortless use of ideas unknown in the old masters' youth. Pity poor Morphy trying to cope with a whole century of such development! Like an Inca chief facing, not horsemen, but an atomic-bomb!

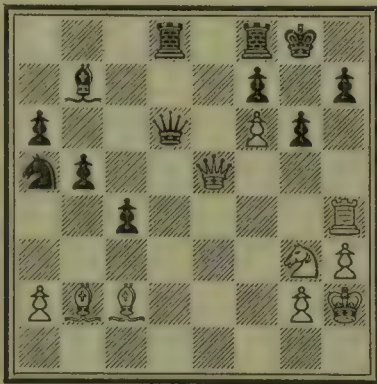
Technically alone then, Morphy would be an infant compared with the average keen player of to-day, who could confront him with more opening theory, more knowledge of the implications of the isolated queen's pawn or seventh-rank play or a dozen other concepts than his greatest rival in the whole world of his day.

Quite apart from technique, though, is the question of sheer chess ability—analysis. Are the moderns better at, just, chess? It is believed, yes.

Against all expectation, at least one proof of this can be put forward—a little incident, of almost dazzling import in this connection, which has itself passed into chess history.

Alekhine when world champion was shown a position and asked "What would you play here?" Unknown to him, the position had arisen in a game played in 1862 in which Anderssen had now sacrificed his queen to force a draw by a combination universally accepted then as one of the most brilliant ever seen. Alekhine pondered awhile, then suggested the very moves Anderssen had made. But that was not all. After further . . . reflection, he evolved a most startling and ingenious manoeuvre which forced a win!! That he pointed all this out without the aid of a chess board, working merely from a diagram, made his feat all the more astonishing.

Though the incident itself is well authenticated, the position itself has remained in obscurity. A Continental researcher has snaked it out and sent it me; here it is:



Anderssen, White to play.

What would YOU play here? This historic position, by which the present so completely confounded the past, earns exemption from our rule "Answers in the same issue." It certainly merits a week's study. I shall return to it next time.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM COUNTRY HOUSES TO COCKATOOS.

THE first of this week's books is expensive, but, to a lover of beautiful things and a student of England in the eighteenth century, worth every penny of the 6 guineas it costs. It is "English Country Houses—Mid Georgian," by Christopher Hussey (Country Life). An earlier volume has covered the period from 1715 to 1760. This splendid book deals with the period—from 1760 to 1800—when Britain had been victorious in three continents, and the foundations of her industrial greatness were being laid. It was the period of the "Neo-classical synthesis" of which the Adam brothers, and particularly the great Robert, were the principal exponents, with the Wyatts, James Paine and Henry Holland only a little way behind.

The astonishing florescence of Robert Adam's first decade of work in this country—from 1760 to 1770—was responsible for some of the loveliest and most notable of our country houses. Adam, like so many of his countrymen, was an empiricist. For him the most important room in the house was the eating-room, which should be a synthesis "of magnificence and utility." He realised that his fellow-countrymen were inclined to spend more time in the eating-room than anywhere else as "the nature of our climate induces more indulgence in enjoyment of the bottle," while our democratic habits incline every gentleman to "enter with ardour into discussion of political arrangement." Therefore the eating-room was the main room in which conversation took place, and "in which we are to pass a great part of our time, detached from the society of the ladies." Mr. Christopher Hussey is, of course, the ideal author for such a book. I suppose there is no man living who is such an authority on the country houses of Britain. In his selection of these houses, he shows us what an infinite variety can be comprehended in the compass of forty years, and covered by a single style. His houses range from the exquisite, and too-little-known, Heaton Hall, in Lancashire, produced by James Wyatt in the '70's, to a curious gem such as Clare House, in Kent. Not merely does Mr. Hussey give us a satisfying description of each of the houses with which he deals, together with superb photographs, but he is learnedly interesting on the fabrics and materials of which his houses were constructed. This is indeed a book to be coveted.

Less expensive, but from the same stable, are the "Picture Book of Britain" (Country Life; 42s.) and the "Picture Book of London" (Country Life; 30s.). There is virtually no text in either, but the wonderful photographs are thoroughly satisfying. If anything, those in the "Picture Book of London" are even better than those in the "Picture Book of Britain." In each case the book is split up into four "volumes," and admirable value for money each book is.

I am extremely fond of parrots—in spite of the fact that one particular parrot once bit my finger to the bone—and "shaggy parrot" stories are some of the funniest there are! It was therefore with pleasure that I read "Parrots, Cockatoos and Macaws," by Edward J. Boosey (Rockcliff; 21s.). This book, which is illustrated with photographs by Alec Brooksbank, has a foreword by David Seth-Smith of "Zoo" fame. Mr. Boosey points out that the grey parrot is the best talker and the most astonishing whistler of them all. Furthermore, its life span is about the same as a human being, so that as pets they have the advantage over cats and dogs that there is none of the heartbreak of the inevitable partings which must take place from the shorter-lived pets. Mr. Boosey not merely provides an excellent description of the various types of birds with which he deals, but gives the reader some valuable hints on how to feed, breed from, and care for them in the illness to which the psittacine flesh is heir.

In the "Year Book and Guide to East Africa," edited by A. Gordon-Brown (Hale; 8s. 6d.), the parrot only comes in for a brief mention, under the heading of birds. The section devoted to fauna is comprehensive, and the variety of game and other animals in East Africa is truly astonishing. This valuable handbook contains everything which the tourist, the intending emigrant, or the would-be exporter needs to know about a territory which still presents infinite possibilities for development. In the same series is the "Year Book and Guide

to Southern Africa," also edited by Mr. Gordon-Brown, and published by Hale at 10s. 6d. This South African guide has been published for the past sixty years, and as the Union-Castle Line (the sponsors) point out, is mainly intended for passengers making their way to South Africa. It is full of information of the most varied nature.

Captain Taprell Dorling, better known as "Taffrail," has now produced a new edition of "Ribbons and Medals" in conjunction with Mr. F. Guille (George Philip; 21s.) which brings the subject up to date. Not least interesting are the Russian decorations, which include Czarist medals, as well as such curious Soviet decorations as the "medal for valiant labour." I imagine that this new volume will be a "must" for "chefs de protocol," and others interested in this fascinating and wide-ranging subject.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

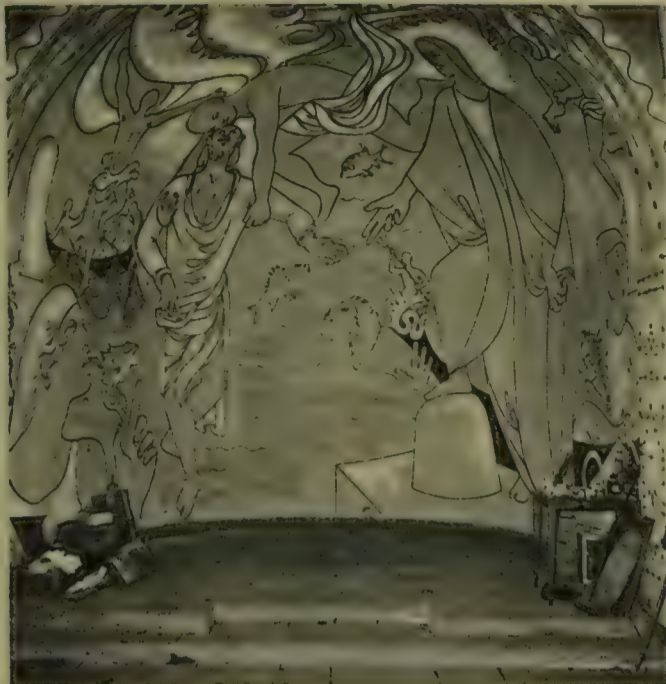
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BRINGING A CHURCH UP-TO-DATE: "ST. PETER WALKING ON THE WATERS"—ONE OF THE FRESCOS WITH WHICH M. JEAN COCTEAU IS REDECORATING THE ANCIENT CHAPEL OF ST. PETER AT VILLEFRANCHE-SUR-MER.



THE VENUE FOR THE MEETING OF MR. MACMILLAN AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: THE MID-OCEAN CLUB, BERMUDA, SCENE ALSO OF A 1953 CONFERENCE. On February 11 it was announced in the Commons that Mr. Macmillan and President Eisenhower were to meet and that at the President's suggestion the meeting would take place in Bermuda, from March 21 to 24, and that the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, would join Mr. Macmillan in Bermuda for talks on March 25 and 26.



WHERE OPERA WILL BE PERFORMED IN MAY: LORD SHREWSBURY'S INGESTRE HALL, WHICH MAY BECOME A RESIDENTIAL MUSIC CENTRE. On February 14 the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Countess (who is an accomplished singer under the name Nadine Talbot) announced Purcell and Falla operas would be performed in the Great Hall, Ingestre, on May 10-12, that it was hoped to stage longer seasons later, and to establish there a residential music centre, particularly for Commonwealth and U.S. students.



BEFORE THE RECENT TRANSFORMATION: THE ALTAR OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL, SHOWING THE VICTORIAN REREDOS OF 1871, WHICH REPLACED THE HOGARTH ALTARPIECE. The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which the Queen visited in 1956 and which Elizabeth I called the "fairest parish church in my realm," has been recently transformed. In the Victorian age Hogarth's altar painting (now in the City Art Museum, Bristol) was removed and an elaborate reredos by G. Godwin erected. This has now been removed, but may be used elsewhere in the future.



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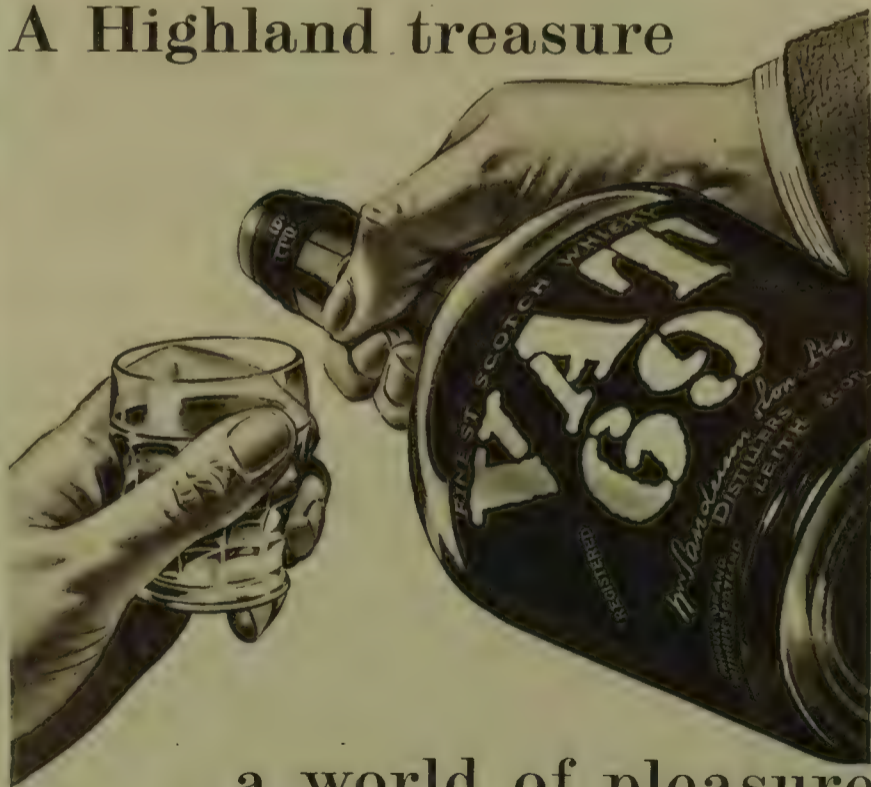
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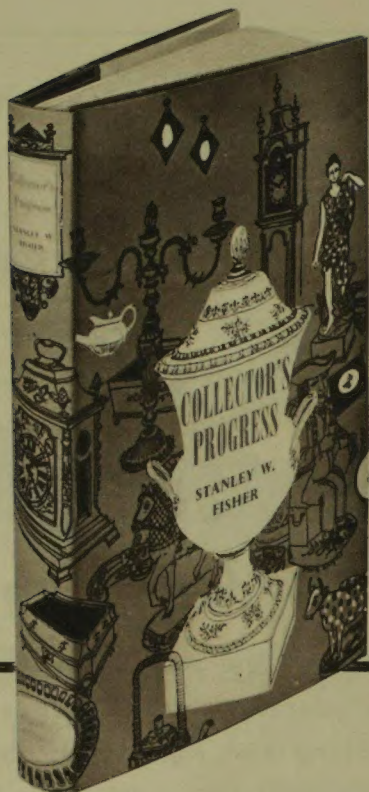
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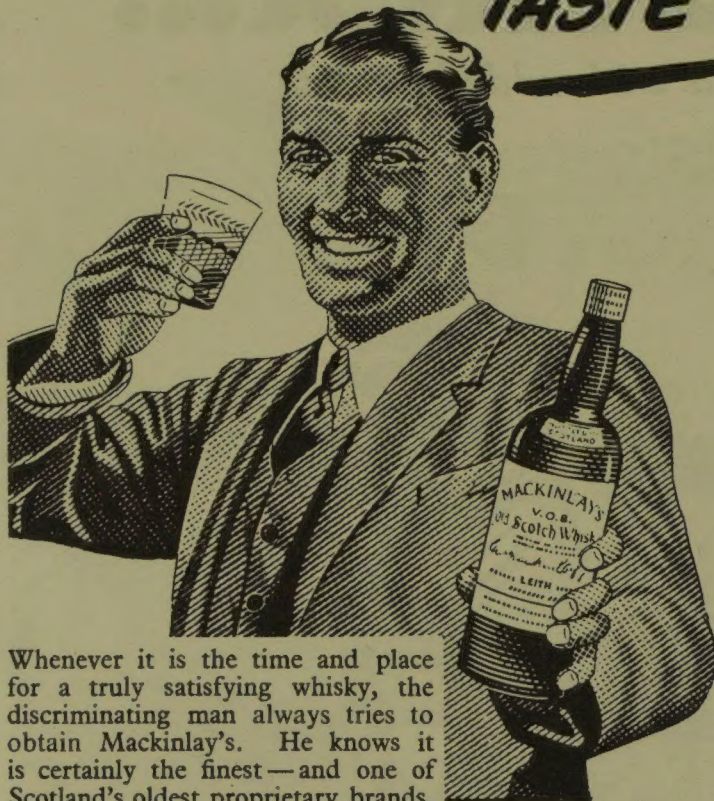
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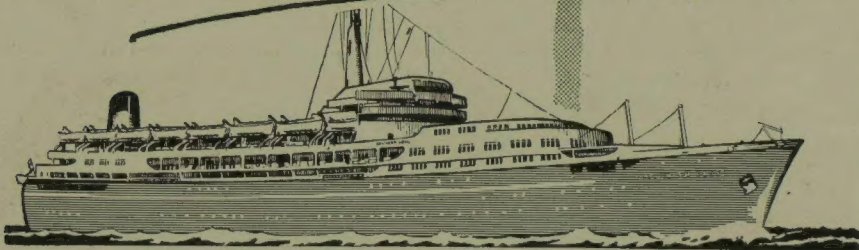
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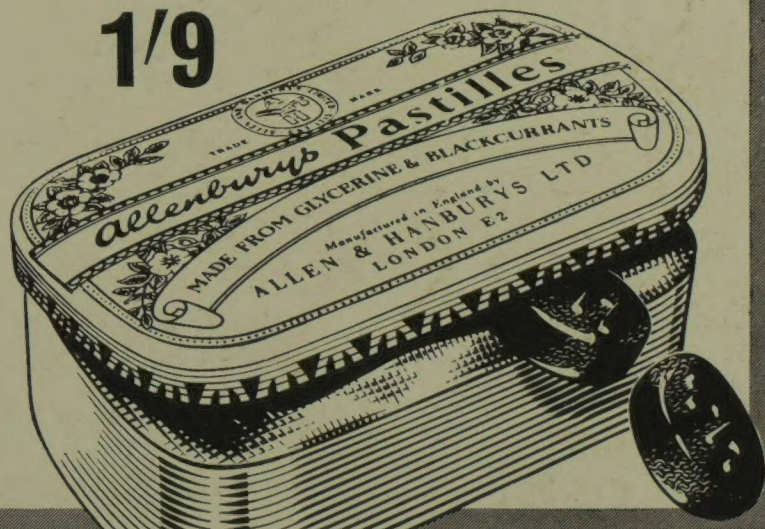
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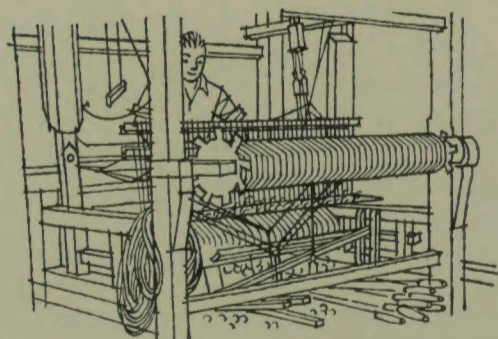


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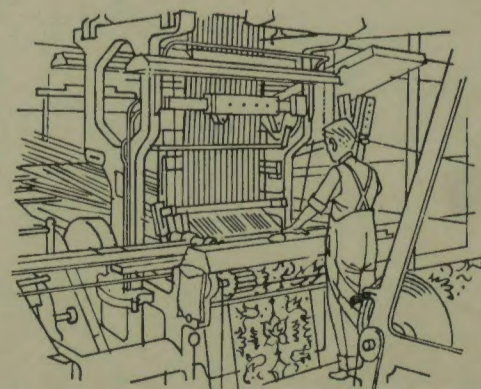
A cowl from Kilbarnock



They're enterprising folk at Kilbarnock. Back in the seventeenth-century industrious cottagers gained a wide reputation for the knitting of 'Kilbarnock cowls'—striped woollen Scotch bonnets rather like tam o'shanter. Kilbarnock was always connected with wool and weaving, and in time the cottagers took to weaving carpets.

With the advent of power-looms
Kilbarnock rapidly came to the fore

as one of the world's leading carpet-centres. Today homes all over the world are furnished with carpets woven in the modern factories of BMK. They're proud of the carpets they make at Kilbarnock. Proud, too, that Burns recited his poems here and was helped by local citizens to publish the first edition of his work.



Guaranteed Mothproof CARPETS & RUGS

The carpet with a name behind it BLACKWOOD MORTON KILBARNOCK

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